

P O E M S

DEVOTIONAL and MORAL,

IN

TWO PARTS.

BY DANIEL TURNER, M.A.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ
Aut simul jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.

Hor.

HENLEY:

PRINTED BY G. NORTON.

1794.



The AUTHOR of these POEMS, unwilling to venture their Publication, has only printed a few Copies for the Perusal of his particular Friends, to whom he presents them as Tokens of his Respects, and the earnest Desire he has of a Place in their Remembrance when he himself shall be here no more.

Abingdon, March 31, 1794.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 6. LINE 2. bot. for *broding* read *brooding*

- 7 L. 5. bot. a period after *sleep*
- 12 L. 3. in second stanza, for *hands*, read *hand*
- 49 L. 6. after *tongue*, a comma
- 50 L. 4. a semicolon after *eye*
- 58 L. 1. for *joys*, read *joy*
- 59 L. 3. bot. after *arise*, a comma
- last line. after *skies*. a semicolon.
- 66 L. 2. bot. for *immeasurable*, read *immeasurable*
- 67 L. 9. for *her*, read *the*
- 122 L. 9. after *I*, a comma
- 140 L. 6. [*and Mrs.*] between brackets
- 158 L. 4. bot. for *prayer*, read *prayers*
- 160 L. 2. bot. after *grief*, a comma, and dele it after *Wilson*
- 174 L. 6. for *releve*, read *relieve*
- 180 L. 5. bot. for *gives*, read *give*
- L. 4. for *lives*, read *live*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SEVERAL of the following poetic essays were published in the year 1747, but are now much altered, and I trust improved; to these several others are added that were published since, at different times; the rest are entirely new. They are not intended for public worship, being generally too long, but to assist the serious Christian in filling up a vacant hour, with at least, an innocent amusement; perhaps sometimes revive the languid spirit of devotion, and recal his affections when wandering from the supreme good, and seeking happiness amongst the delusive pleasures of the world.

The world is now full of business, real or imaginary, so that the generality find but little room for the exercises of devotion;—too many even of the religious few, are taken more with the noise and bustle of religion than with its silent and more spiritual duties, and appear to
have

have a much livelier taste for the former than the latter :—Running about from one place of worship to another, for the sake of hearing some favourite preacher, is far more delightful to them than private prayer, devout reading of the Scriptures, and searching their own hearts. Yet, perhaps, some of these misguided Christians may not be so far gone in this kind of dissipation, but one or other of these divine songs may be the means of engaging their attention, and inspiring them with the love of retired meditation and communion with God ; and say with good *Dr. Watts*,

Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn,
 Let noise and vanity be gone ;
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heaven, and there my God I find.

Amen.

*A Devotional Address to our LORD and
SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST ;—To
whose Patronage, the following Poems
are with the most religious Reverence
committed.*

IT must be the desire of every one,
who has any just sense of thy ex-
alted perfections, BLESSED REDEEMER!
to devote himself, his talents, his all
to thee, the LORD of all, and through
thee to thy ETERNAL FATHER, who
dwelleth in thee. Our all, indeed, even
at the most and best, is infinitely be-
low thy notice ; but thou delightest
in condescension, and with a benig-
nity peculiar to thyself, and which
gives an unspeakable lustre to thy
A 3 greatness,

greatness, hast signified thy readiness to accept the meanest offering presented to thee with a sincere and grateful heart.

Encouraged by such goodness, I would with the profoundest humility, lay these poetic effusions of that measure of genius thou hast given me, at thy feet, and devote them to thine and thy FATHER's service and glory, earnestly imploring thy forgiveness, acceptance, and blessing.

Such are thy excellencies, gracious LORD, that it is impossible to incur the guilt of falsehood, or of flattery, should we raise our admiration of them ever so high, or speak of them in the sublimest strains of panegyric, while we think and speak agreeable to the dictates of thy own word. So far

far from this, the most exalted powers of mortal language must fall infinitely below a subject so divine. Even the tongues of angels furnished with all the boldest figures of celestial oratory, cannot declare the wonders of thy name, or utter half its glories. And yet, who **amongst** us here on earth, can think, and not speak of thee! and who can speak of thee, and not attempt at least, to shew forth thy praise.

Great beyond our conception is thy power! thy hand formed this earth, and *hung it upon nothing*; reared the surrounding skies, and furnished them with that vast profusion of magnificence and lustre, which they so amazingly display through the revolutions of time.

In thee is the fountain of life, and
thou

thou impartest thy vital energy when and wheresoever thou pleasest. All the numerous orders of animate and inanimate existence, and of all-created intelligences, are derived from thee, supported by thy power, governed by thy wisdom, and have their necessities supplied from the inexhaustible stores of thy beneficence ; for in *thee* *it hath pleased the Father all fulness should dwell.*

Thou art the LORD OF HOSTS, principalities and powers, all the armies of the upper and lower worlds are thine ;—they stand or move at thy command, and fulfil thy purposes. By their instrumentality thou hast often spread the terrors of thy justice through the universe. Warring angels, authorised by thee, chastise guilty nations, and cut off thy foes by thousands

san's. Even the meanest insect, yea the very atoms of dust, armed with thy might, can fill with dread the most daring and hardened hearts ; and once taught an *Egyptian* monarch, in all his pride, to own thy superior dominion, as the King of Israel. Though when sin and Satan and the powers of spiritual darkness are to be subdued, and thy captive people delivered from the strong holds and heavy chains of guilt, despair, and death, thine *own arm* brings about the *great salvation*, *spoils principalities and powers*, and *leads captivity captive*.

Thou art the sovereign Lord of the consciences of men. Thy laws are all just and good, and thy judgments right ; to thee every knee must bow, every tongue confess, either won by the gentle power of thy stupendous grace, or compelled

compelled by the terrors of thy righteous vengeance. The day, the great, the tremendous day is approaching, when, at thy presence the earth and the heavens shall tremble, and at thy rebuke even melt away :—Obedient to thy voice, the dead shall arise, and before thy awful tribunal, all orders and degrees of men shall make their solemn appearance, give the strictest account of their conduct, and even the secrets of their hearts to thee, hear their final sentence from thy lips, and by thy hand be exalted to the enjoyment of everlasting bliss, or sunk down into the miseries of everlasting woe.

Nor are the displays of thy gracious benevolence less wonderful than those of thy justice and power. Though possessed of ineffable delight in the bosom of thy father, thou wast infinitely
happy

happy before the world began; yet freely, and unsolicited by us, didst thou undertake our desperate cause, and to obtain for us pardon, holiness, and eternal life, even take our flesh, dwell in our world, suffer a thousand affronts and indignities from wicked men; overcome the most powerful temptations, endure unutterable agonies in thy spotless soul, and the most intense pains in thy sacred body, and, at last, lay down thy precious life as a sacrifice for our sins. Nor is even this all,—for, though now ascended far above these visible heavens, and possessed of all the high dignities of thy father's right hand, yet thou dost not disdain to look with pitying eyes upon our miseries, receive our mean petitions, and with the pleasing incense of thy prevailing intercession,

cession, present them to his adorable majesty.

These, and numberless other excellencies of thy character, constrain thousands, not only in the Heavenly world, where thou art best known, but even on this earth, to love and praise thee, who esteem it their highest honour and felicity to share in thy friendship, and who, from the dictate of their con-
 scious reason, as well as from those of their warmest affections, rejoice to declare, that the sweetest pleasures they now enjoy, arise from the consciousness of their reconciliation with God, through thy gracious mediation, the presence of thy holy spirit in their hearts, and the lively hope, that when the trials of their mortal state are finished, they shall be *where thou art, and behold thy glory*; perfectly transformed
 into

into thy likeness, eternally blest with
thine and thy *Father's* love, eternally
 proclaiming *thine* and thy *Father's*
 praise!

Hail Son of God, Saviour of men! thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth; and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, or from thy Father's praise disjoin*.

May thy love be more abundantly
 shed abroad in mine and my reader's
 heart, and inspire us with still warmer af-
 fection to thee now, and more earnest
 longings after thy likeness, and the per-
 fection of our felicity in the world to
 come!

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THE MUSE DEVOTED TO THE
SERVICE OF GOD.

I will praise the Name of God with a Song.

PSALM lxi. 30.

WARM'D with his *muse* the poet sings
Of beauty's power and conquering kings;
My bosom feels a nobler flame,
And pants to sing the ETERNAL NAME.

High and adventurous is the song,
Too high for e'en an angel's tongue;
"Thou who inspir'st seraphic lays,
"Aid and forgive the feeble praise!"

B

He

Published in Boston by J. B. ...
for ...

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POEMS, &c.

PART I.

THE MUSE DEVOTED TO THE
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B

He

Printed by Robert J. Taylor, 1854

He dwells in uncreated light,
 Invisible to mortal sight,
 Of all eternity possess'd,
 And in himself supremely bless'd.

Above the heavens he sits his throne,
 In heights unrival'd, and unknown;
 The fount of being and of bliss,
 All kingdom, power, and glory his.

He fills his high immense abode
 With all the majesty of God;
 Struck with deep awe th' angelic host
 Their faces veil, in wonder lost!

Wide open to his piercing eye,
 All the vast fiores of nature lie;
 While his strong hand without controul
 Moves, as he wills, the mighty whole.

He speaks, and worlds obedient rise,
 Earth, suns, and moons, and starry skies;—
 Anon his word of sovereign power,
 Sinks them again to rise no more.

Around

Around his throne, in solemn state,
 Myriads of flaming spirits wait,
 Swift to obey his sovereign will,
 And his high purposes fulfil.

His purposes, a vast profound !
 With awful darkness veil'd around ;
 Yet wisdom, truth, and mercy too
 Break with delightful glory through.

He rules o'er all created things,
 O'er meanest worms, and mightiest kings ;
 He leads the stars their ample rounds,
 He gives the raging waters bounds.

Seraphs to him their raptures owe ;
 His vengeance burns in hell below ;
 While here, to *man's* apostate race,
 His SON reveals his richest grace.

These are a portion of his ways ;
 But such our GOD, so great his praise,
Muse, stay thy song, and dare no more,
 But learn in silence and adore.

A MORNING and EVENING SONG.

I form the light and create darkness. ISAIAH xli. 7.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening.
to rejoice. PSALM lxxv. 8.

THE stores of darkness and of light,
LORD, in thy treasures lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

And when with welcome slumbers prest,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power unseen secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

Thy hand a radiant vesture flings
Around the cheerful day,
As from the beauteous east he springs,
And climbs his arduous way.

We

We then the various tasks pursue,
 Thy providence assigns;
 And the gay scenes around us view,
 In which thy GODHEAD shines.

Thus day and night our thankful tongues
 Shall speak aloud thy praise;
 The light inspire our morning songs,
 Darknefs our evening lays;

Until we reach those brighter skies,
 Where JESUS ever reigns;
 And with his glories feast our eyes,
 And sing in loftier strains.

PRAISE FOR SIGNAL DELIVERANCE.

I will lift up my eyes to the hills, from whence cometh
my help—my help cometh from the Lord that made
heaven and earth. PSALM CXXI. 1.

WHEN overwhelm'd with storms of woe,
Where should the wretched sufferer go,
But to the GOD in heaven above,
The GOD of wisdom, power, and love?
His hand the sweeping tempest stays,
And calms the fiercely raging seas;
His tender mercies still endure,
To humble suppliants ever sure.
One gracious smile of his can cheer,
The darkest scenes of misery here,
He e'en a thousand ways can find,
To ease the anguish of the mind:
Once melancholy, brooding sprite,
Hung o'er my soul as black as night,
When

When every eathly joy was gone,
 And hope sat fainting all alone.
 To him I sent the plaintive sigh,
 Lifted to him the tearful eye;
 When through his SON, an heavenly ray
 Chas'd all my griefs at once away.

My heart o'erflows with inward joy,
 While praiseful songs my tongue employ,
 Resolving, while I dwell in dust,
 To him I'll look, in him I'll trust.
 He'll deign to hear me when I cry,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 By day the burning sun shall shed
 No baneful influence on my head;
 By night no raw infected air
 Shall hurt the object of his care.
 He'll bid his friendly angels keep
 Their watch around me while I sleep,
 Though with each draught of vital breath
 Mingle unseen the seeds of death,
 My life and health are both secure,
 Protected by his gracious power;

Should hell's tremendous fiends combine,
 To assault this feeble heart of mine,
 Shelter'd by his paternal wings,
 The powers of hell are harmless things,
 On raging seas, on burning sands,
 Embattled plains in distant lands,
 As East or Western Indies far,
 Or could I reach the morning star,
 And range the regions of the sky,
 Amongst the shining worlds on high,
 Wheree'er I rest, wheree'er I rove,
 Still there I meet the GOD of love.

A MORNING HYMN.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning. PSALM v. 3.

TO thee, great GOD, in thankful song,
 My morning vows shall rise;
 Thy goodness made my slumbers sweet,
 And cheers my waking eyes.

With

With joyful heart, I now behold
 The sun's enlivening beams ;
 I might have wak'd in wild affright,
 Amidst devouring flames.

Many, e'en dear to thee, oppress'd
 With cares, and fears, and pain,
 Sleepless have wish'd returning day,
 And day return'd in vain.

Still on their restless beds they lie,
 Their woes bewailing still ;
 Whilst I rais'd up from soft repose,
 A thousand comforts feel.

Through whate'er trying scenes this day
 I may be call'd to pass,
 LORD grant me in the needful hour,
 Thy all-sufficient grace.

The dark illume, the afflicting cheer,
 With thy paternal love ;
 Nor let my earthly pleasures spoil
 My taste for those above.

Thus every morning shall my song,
 As holy incense rise ;—
 Propitious, in thy SON, accept
 The willing sacrifice.

AN EVENING HYMN.

I will both lay me down and sleep, for thou, Lord,
 makest me dwell in safety. PSALM IV. 8.

THY goodness of the day, my GOD,
 Demands an evening song ;
 Mercy attended every hour,
 And soft they roll'd along.

Satan and sin watch'd all my paths,
 My heedless feet to snare,
 And I their easy prey had been,
 But thou, my GOD, wast there.

Dangers

Dangers beset me thick around,
 Arm'd with disease or death ;
 But thy all-gracious power has still
 Preserv'd my feeble breath.

My numerous wants were well supply'd
 With what thy hand bestow'd ;
 My table spread with food, my cup
 With blessings overflow'd.

The sins and follies of the day
 I would with grief confess ;
 And through thy Son's atoning blood
 Hope for thy pardoning grace.

Then in thy kind paternal arms,
 I shall securely rest ;
 And, whether in this world or next,
 Awake divinely blest.

PRAISE

PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS GRACIOUS
PROVIDENCE.

"Tot liber toties malis,
Tot auctus toties bonis,
Quo tandem officio tibi
Coner solvere grates?"

BUCHAN. PSALM CXVI. 12.

THAT IS,
From so many dangers freed,
With so many mercies blest,
By what duteous grateful deed,
Shall I, LORD, my thanks express?

HOW precious are thy thoughts to me,
My GOD! how just and true thy ways!
In every scene of life, I see
Fresh cause for wonder, love, and praise!

When first the breath of life I drew,
Thou didst attend my infant cry;
And e'er thy bounteous hand I knew,
Didst all my numerous wants supply.

And when to youthful follies prone,
I went in sinful paths astray,
Thy word recall'd me e'er undone,
And led me in the heavenly way.

Thy law for vengeance cry'd aloud,
 A thousand fears my soul possess ;
 Peace spoke the all-atoning blood,
 A thousand pleasures fill'd my breast.

Still mercy from her shining throne,
 Smiles on my steps, and kindly pours
 Her choicest blessings plenteous down,
 And crowns with joy the circling hours.

I call thee father, friend, my God,
 And always find beneath thy wings,
 A calm, secure, and blest abode,
 "And look with pity down on Kings."*

For consolations so divine
 As through thy goodness I possess,
 Were all the powers of nature mine,
 I could not half my thanks express.

Yet such thy condescension, LORD,
 Thou wilt accept the meanest song,
 If but the feeling heart accord,
 And grateful join the tuneful tongue.

But

But while thy mercies I review,
 And think their pleasing wonders o'er,
 I long to sing as angels do,
 And in their heights of love adore !

A MEDITATION ON HEAVEN.

In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand
 there are pleasures for evermore. *PSALM xvi. 11.*

And they sang the song of Moses and the Lamb.

REV. xv. 3.

I'M tir'd of these dark scenes below,
 Of noise, and strife, and empty show:
 Come, heavenly spirit, aid my flight,
 To yonder fairer worlds of light!

The peaceful mansions of the blest,
 Where weary souls for ever rest,
 While GOD himself their wants supplies,
 And wipes the tears from all their eyes;
 Where

Where they in pure celestial love,
The sweets of faithful friendship prove,
And talk of high immortal things,
Such as the flaming Seraph sings.

There, from the HIGH eternal throne,
Pleasures to mortal taste unknown,
In living streams perpetual flow
All the vast boundless region through.

JESUS, bright image of our God,
Enlightens all the blest abode ;
Angels behold, admire, adore,
And sing the wonders of his power.

How this fair earth and fairer skies,
Did, at his word, from darkness rise ;
How he his righteous sceptre sways,
Sovereign in providence and grace:

But oh ! to hear them sing and tell,
How much he lov'd *us* !—how he fell
To death a prey—then burst the grave,
And lives our fallen race to save.

“ Hail,

“ Hail, lamb of God !” they rapturous cry,
 “ Thou once for guilty man didst die !
 “ Thine now this high eternal throne,
 “ These heavens, and all their hosts thine own.”

“ Here shalt thou reign, and we adore,
 “ When time itself shall be no more ;
 “ Here thy all-gracious smiles to see,
 “ Is life, is joy, is extacy !”

O glorious world ! divine abode !
 Fill'd with the light and love of God !
 Earth !—what a wretched dungeon 'tis
 Compar'd but with a glimpse of this !

Lord ! when from mortal darkness free,
 Shall I that world of glory see !
 Adore, like them, and join their song !
 Time, haste thy ling'ring hours along !

AN HYMN TO GOD THE THUNDERER.*

The Lord thundered in the Heavens. Psalm. xviii. 13.
 The Lord said he would dwell in thick darkness.

I. KINGS viii. 12.

His lightnings enlightened the world. Psalm. lxxvii. 18.

THE LORD, in that thick darkness dwells,
 Which now beglooms the sky;
 He breathes those flames that round us thus
 In pointed lightnings fly.

It is his awful voice we hear,
 When the loud thunders roar;
 Thus he proclaims to heedless man
 The glories of his power.

Tho' oft he arms the burning shaft,
 With the dread power to kill,
 His hand its rapid motion guides
 With never erring skill.

C

Ye

* First composed October 12, 1746, in a violent storm
 of Thunder and Lightning; but since enlarged.

Ye trembling souls that love his name,
 May trust his tender care ;
 O'er you he spreads his shelt'ring wing,
 And nought can hurt you there.

There should the flaming ruin seize
 Your spirits, as it flies,
 'Twould, like the prophet's fiery car,
 But bear them to the skies.

Praise ye the LORD, while thro' the heavens,
 His awful thunder rolls ;
 Praise ye the LORD, whose sovereign will
 The threat'ning wrath controuls.

E'er long his voice in louder peals,
 Shall fill the worlds with dread,
 Make earth down to her centre shake,
 And wake the sleeping dead.

When JESUS in his power shall come,
 Array'd in brighter flame ;
 And lightnings fiercer still shall spread,
 The terrors of his name ;

When

When earth and skies enwrap in fire,
 Shall with dread fury burn ;
 And hell herself new horrors feel,
 And with new anguish mourn ;

Then shall th' impious wretch, who dar'd
 Despise a Saviour's blood,
 All trembling and defenceless meet
 The just avenging God.

Fear then, my soul, this awful power,
 Fear, but without dismay ;
 This is the Lamb, that once was slain,
 To take thy sins away.

Trust and obey his faithful word,
 And to the end endure ;
 He will, amidst the wreck of worlds,
 Make thy salvation sure.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

For me to live is CHRIST, to die is gain—Having a desire to depart and be with CHRIST, which is far better.

PHIL. i. 21, 23.

VAIN world !—to thee, and all thy joys,
I now for ever bid adieu !
I once admir'd thy trifling toys,
And thought thy flattering pleasures true.

But HE who humbly on the cross,
To save me suffer'd, bled, and dy'd,
Shews me thy treasures are but dross,
And pours contempt on all thy pride.

JESUS redeems me from thy power—
Blest be his name, for ever blest !
Sweet is the memory of that hour
When first in him I learnt to rest.

Now far beyond all mortal things,
I stretch my thoughts and reach the skies
Burne up on faith's seraphic wings,
And grasp at joy that never dies.
That

That death, O world, whose very shade
 Now veils thy glories from my sight,
 Will o'er them soon a darkness spread,
 That sinks them all in endless night.

But I've a portion in my God,
 O'er which e'en death can have no power;
 And now supported by his rod,
 I chearful meet the parting hour.

Now death itself becomes my gain,
 My hope, my wish, my fervent pray'r;
 He frees at once my flesh from pain,
 My soul from sin and every care.

Come then, thou once most dreaded foe,
 But now, subdu'd, my gentle friend;
 O come! why dost thou linger so!
 And to my God my spirit send!

That God, who has so freely given,
 To save a world, his only Son;
 Whose goodness fills the courts of Heaven,
 With joy to mortals here unknown.

His

His love I've tasted oft below,
And found it better far than life ;
Its heavenly fulness fain I'd know ;
Oh ! come, and end this painful strife.

He comes ! vain world, a long farewell !
Gladly I bid this last adieu !
I leave thee with my God to dwell,
Bliss everlasting, ever new !

PRAISE TO THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over
all his works—All thy works shall praise thee, O
Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee. PSALM cxlv. 9-10.

COME, all ye sweet harmonious powers,
And aid my feeble tongue ;
While to the goodness of the Lord,
I raise the grateful song.

Through all creation's various realms,
He pours his love abroad ;
Earth, seas, and skies with all their hosts,
Confess the bounteous God.

When

When the fierce dog star's raging heat
 Burns up the grassy plains,
 By night he sends the cooling dews,
 By day the fruitful rains.

When piercing frosts, and chilling snows,
 Spread his dire cold abroad,
 A thousand comforts still proclaim,
 The kind paternal God.

The hungry lions, for their food,
 Through the vast deserts roar;
 He hears, and timely sends supplies,
 From his unbounded store.

While man, his fairest work below,
 For nobler bliss design'd,
 Is, by his word, instructed where
 His radiant seat to find.

Nor frowns avenging justice there,
 By JESUS' blood aton'd;
 But, in her loveliest beauties dress'd,
 Sweet mercy sits enthron'd.

There we may tell our sorrow all,
 All that we feel, or fear ;
 While to the mournful theme he lends
 A FATHER'S gracious ear.

He does the widows wrongs redress,
 And hears the orphan's cries,
 Accepts the wretch that from the dust
 For pardoning mercy sighs.

Let earth her numerous tongues employ,
 His goodness to declare,
 And tell aloud thro' all her realms
 How great his blessings are !

Ye flowery plains, your odours breathe,
 As incense to his skies ;
 While the full lion's grateful shouts,
 From Lybian desarts rise.

Ye sons of Adam, raise your songs
 To notes of loftier sound ;
 Ye angels, listening from the skies,
 Spread the glad praises round !

THE

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the
Holy Ghost ? 1. Cor. v. xix.

LORD, while my outward form I view,
And feel within the vital flame,
Thy wisdom, power, and goodness too,
With grateful wonder I proclaim.

But oh ! the rich, the amazing grace,
That does my numerous sins forgive !
Does in my heart thy likeness trace,
And bid the dying sinner live !

This wakes to loftier strains my tongue,
And warms my soul with heavenly love ;
And this shall be my pleasing song,
Long as my tongue in tune can move.

My breast thy temple ! here I raise
An altar sacred to thy name ;
Here the sweet incense of thy praise
Shall burn in love's immortal flame.

Here,

Here, whilst I see the gracious light,
 Bright signal of thy saving power,
 Struck with the awful, blissful sight,
 In holy rapture I adore.

Self, often once thy rival here,
 Shall hence for ever now depart;
 Thy MAJESTY my constant fear,
 Thy LOVE the solace of my heart.

Not e'en a thought would I endure
 That would pollute the hallow'd shrine;
 Then shall no cloud my soul obscure,
 But round me still thy glory shine.

Thus may my breast thy temple be,
 Great GOD! thus let me taste thy love,
 Till I am call'd to dwell with thee;
 And worship in thy courts above.

PSALM I. PARAPHRASED:

THRICE happy man, whom truth and love,
 Not wicked counsels, guide;
 Whose heart no scoffing tongue can move,
 Or turn from God aside.

The law divine he reads by day,
 And thinks it o'er by night;
 Makes that his hopes continual stay,
 His soul's supreme delight.

Like as a tree that by the streams
 Of living waters grows,
 Warm'd with the sun's enliv'ning beams,
 Extends its fruitful boughs;

So shall his life, with heavenly grace,
 And every virtue shine;
 Nor through whatever scenes he pass,
 Those virtues e'er decline.

And

And tho' his mortal flesh shall drop
 And wither in the tomb ;
 The power divine shall raise it up,
 In new immortal bloom.

Not so the man who God denies,
 Nor will his laws obey ;
 As chaff before the tempest flies,
 So fly his joys away.

And when before his awful throne,
 The LORD the righteous knows,
 The impious wretch, beneath his frown,
 Shall sink in endless woes.

A PASTORAL ODE.

PSALM XXIII. PARAPHRASED.

THE LORD my shepherd is,
 I'll on his care rely ;
 My numerous wants fast as they rise,
 His goodness will supply.

To

To the green flowery meads,
 Where his rich pastures grow,
 Led by his kind inviting voice,
 With eager steps I go.

Fed with the sweet repast,
 My soul her strength renews ;
 And round her with exulting joy,
 The smiling verdure views.

Or on the mossy bank,
 (The stream soft murmuring by)
 In cooling shades he makes me rest,
 Beneath his watchful eye.

Whene'er by folly led,
 I from his pastures stray ;
 My wandering feet he soon recalls
 Again to wisdom's way.

E'en through death's dreary vale,
 With gloomy horrors spread,
 I fearless pass, for God is there,
 To cheer the dismal shade.

Darkness

Darkness he turns to light,
Wheree'er he deigns to shine ;
His rod and staff my fainting heart
Sustain with strength divine.

My table he prepares,
Amidst my envious foes,
And with his mighty arm defends
The good his love bestows.

While on my favour'd head,
His balmy oil distils,
The generous vine my social cup
With ample blessings fills.

Goodness and mercy thus
With every moment new,
Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
My footsteps shall pursue.

'Till in some happier hour
I reach his courts above,
Where I shall ever dwell and sing
The wonders of his love.

THE

THE SUPPLICATION.

JESUS thou son of David have mercy on me.

MATTHEW. xii. 21.

In him shall the Gentiles trust.

Mark. x. 47.

PART I.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear an humble sinner's cry
 Let me see thy great salvation,
 Or in dark despair I die.

Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
 Send, O send me, quick relief?

Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives?
 Whither from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives?

While

Darkness he turns to light,
Wheree'er he deigns to shine ;
His rod and staff my fainting heart
Sustain with strength divine.

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While

*This Hymn was first printed in the
 Hymns printed among the Hymns Collection
 & Hymns are now added, see Hymn 295*

While I view thee wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the cursed tree,
 My sad heart would hope, believing
 That thou sufferd'st thus for me ;

That I see thee reconciled,
 My offended father's face ;
 There the prince of darkness spoiled,
 Open'd there the fount of grace.

Risen now, thou liv'st for ever,
 Liv'st o'er earth and heaven to reign ;
 Promising the humble never
 Shall for mercy plead in vain.

PART II.

Hear then, gracious Saviour, hear me,
 My soul cleaveth to the dust ;
 Send the comforter to cheer me,
 Lo! in thee I put my trust!

With

With thy righteousness, and spirit,
 I am more than angels blest;
 Heir with thee, all things inherit,
 Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

Without thee, the world possessing,
 I should be a wretch undone;
 Search through heaven the land of blessing,
 Seeking good and finding none.

On the word thy blood has sealed,
 Hangs my everlasting all;
 Let thine arm be now revealed,
 Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

In the worlds of endless ruin,
 Let it never, LORD, be said,
 "Here's a soul, that perish'd, suing
 "For the boasted Saviour's aid."

Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory,
 Through the shining worlds above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptur'd with thy love!

D

IN

IN CELEBRATION OF THE REDEEMER'S
LOVE.

Thou hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood.
REV. v. 9.

VITAL power of heavenly grace,
Come and aid my humble lays ;
Fain the SAVIOUR's love I'd sing,
Whence my hope and comforts spring.

Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender bosom so,
That when justice death demands,
Forth the great deliverer stands.

" Father, spare, and mercy shew,
" Lo ! I come thy will to do ;
" I the sacrifice will be ;
" Death shall fix his dart in me !"

Though

Though the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in power,
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

Once of heaven itself possesst,
Now an infant at the breast !
Angels from the worlds above,
Saw and sang th' amazing love !

Through the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way ;
Lonely mounts and chilling air
Witness'd oft his midnight prayer.

Now the friend of sinners dies ;
Darkness veils the noon-day skies !
Angels round the bloody tree,
Throng and gaze in extacy !

Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
Rocks and tombs asunder cleave,
While the temple's rending veil,
Tells the priest the awful tale.

D2

Now

Now the third day's dawning come,
Lo ! the SAVIOUR leaves the tomb,
Soon ascends his native sky,
Where he lives no more to die.

On his cross he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,
Sends his spirit down to give,
Dying sinners grace to live.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD FOR NATIONAL DELIVERANCE*.

O sing unto the LORD a new song, for he has done
marvellous things, &c. PSALM xcvi. 1.

LONG did the LORD with gracious smiles,
Look on and bless the British Isles ;
And they as long ungrateful prove,
Abusing, while they taste, his love.

Justice

* Composed on the occasion of the victory obtained (under providence) by the DUKE of CUMBERLAND over the Rebels, near *Culloden House*, in Scotland, April 16, 1746. Part of which was sung in divine worship on the day of public thanksgiving.

Justice demands the avenging sword,
 And *Mercy* gives th' assenting word ;
Rebellion hears, and from afar
 Calls out her bloody sons to war.

Gladly they leave their bleak abodes,
 March o'er the hills, through desert roads ;
 Join *Bourbon's* hostile powers*, and cry,
Briton, we'll win thy crown or die.

Our *Daughters*, trembling, hear th' alarms ;
 Our *Sons*, arous'd, fly to their arms,
 While prostrate at th' eternal throne,
 Our *Fathers* urge salvation down,

Nor plead in vain.—Lo ! from the skies,
 Charg'd with the blessing, *Gabriel* flies ;
 To sure destruction dooms the foe,
 And *William*† sends to deal the blow.

D3

With

* The French King sent a body of Troops into Scotland,
 to join the rebels, and support the claim of a Popish
 Pretender upon the crown of these kingdoms ; with
 this united force, they gained some considerable advan-
 tages, and greatly alarmed the country,

† The Duke of Cumberland, the king's son, was sent to
 take the command of the royal forces, and soon led them
 on to victory.

With terror cloth'd, his warlike name,
 Before him flies, on wings of fame ;
 Strong fears the guilty vagrants seize,
 And back they fly, in wild amaze.

'Till fir'd with rage and mad despair,
 At last they tempt decisive war ;
William appears—their squadrons all
 Confounded fly, or slaughter'd fall.

Rebellion, with affrighted eyes,
 Beholds the scene, despairs and dies ;
 Proud tyrants gnaw their tongues for pain,
 And peace and plenty smile again.

Thus, LORD OF HOSTS, thy awful hand,
 Chastens and saves thy favorite land ;
 And thus to thee each loyal tongue,
 Tunes, in glad notes, the thankful song.

Accept the praise, through thy dear son,
 And ever guard the British throne,
 Then GEORGE shall live, nor Bourbon dare,
 With Britons wage unrighteous war.

A PENITENTIAL SONG ON A FAST
DAY.*

Arise, O LORD, and forget not the humble, PSALM X. 12.

LOOK, gracious GOD, in pity down,
On Britain, prostrate at thy throne ;
Griev'd for her sins, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
And trembling at thy awful name.

We see thy just avenging hand,
Now lifted o'er the guilty land ;
Their hostile schemes our foes prepare,
Thirst for our blood, and pant for war.

The beasts that should our wants supply,
Struck with thy plagues, around us die ;
While conscious of our guilt, we fear
Still more destructive judgements near.

D 4

But

* Composed for the public fast, January 7, 1746-7, on account of a war with *France* and *Spain*, and an alarming mortality amongst the large horned cattle, which then prevailed in this country.

But hear, indulgent GOD, the cries
 That from our hearts united rise ;
 While princes, priests, and people own,
 Thus in the dust, the crimes they've done.

Though guilty still thy name we bear,
 With us thy word, church, glory are ;
 All these in earnest prayer we plead,
 Oh ! hear, and let thy wrath be staid.

Thy mercy ever still the same,
 Can'st thou forget the father's name ?
 Or shall thy children now complain,
 They've fought thy face, but fought in vain.

Behold thy SON, now at thy side,
 Pleading the wounds with which he dy'd ;
 Pleading for Britain ;—hear his prayer,
 And yet the long lov'd nation spare !

Try us, oh ! try us, yet once more,
 With mercy's all subduing power ;
 Mercy the hardest heart can move,
 And fire the coldest breast with love.

Oh !

Oh! hear her voice ! bid wars to cease,
 Bless us and all the world with peace,
 Then earth, with all her tongues, shall join
 To praise thy name in songs divine.

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Unto you this day is born a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST
 the LORD. LUKE ii. 11.

WITH what resplendent glory shone
 That long expected morn,
 When JESUS, GOD's incarnate son,
 The Lord of life was born !

Celestial hosts, array'd in light,
 With glory mark their way,
 As down to earth they bend their flight,
 And hail th' auspicious day.

“ Glory

“ Glory to GOD,” they rapturous sing,
 “ Through all the heights of heaven;
 “ Tidings of joy to men we bring,
 “ And peace on earth is given.”

“ Glory to GOD” let all our tongues
 Re-echo to their lays;
 Such grace demands our loftiest songs,
 And all our powers of praise !

For guilty man, with pity mov’d,
 The SAVIOUR leaves the skies;
 And here, to shew how much he lov’d,
 A bleeding victim dies.

But dies to SAVE;—SALVATION now
 Is our perpetual theme;
 Our willing souls to JESUS bow,
 And triumph in his name.

SALVATION ! let the joyful news,
 Through all the nations run;
Gentiles believe, and stubborn *Jews*
 Their great MESSIAH own!

From

From world to world, thro' boundless space,
 May the glad tidings fly;
 And myriads sound the SAVIOUR's praise,
 To the remotest sky.

Thus shall his dear delightful name,
 Then dwell on ev'ry tongue
 While angels round his throne proclaim,
 SALVATION in their song.

THE VANITY OF ALL EARTHLY EN- JOYMENTS.

Many say, Who will shew us any good? LORD lift up
 the light of thy countenance upon us. PSALM. iv. 6.

WHAT treacherous things the boasted joys
 This flatt'ring world bestows;
 All rapture in the expecting eye,
 Possess'd but gilded woes.

Here

Here misers o'er their golden stores
 With anxious fondness pine;
 Or with tormenting wishes see
 The distant mammon shine.

There proud ambition stalks along,
 And treads the humble down;
 While rancorous envy gnaws her heart,
 At honours not her own.

False pleasure, with her syren song,
 The thoughtless fool beguiles;
 While cruel death oft lurks behind
 Her soft enchanting smiles.

But could I call e'en all their joys,
 Without their pains, my own,
 No sooner seiz'd by death's cold hand,
 Than I'm a wretch undone,

No more I'll sigh for golden stores,
 Or proud ambition's state;
 Nor shall false pleasures gayest smiles
 One longing wish create.

My

My soul to nobler bliss aspires,
And spreads her wings abroad;
And soars and pants with strong desires,
To enjoy the *living God*!

His love's an everlasting mine,
Where heavenly riches grow;
His hand can raise me to a throne,
Whence endless pleasures flow.

When here on earth, his gracious smiles
Through his dear SON I see;
'Tis more than e'en a thousand worlds,
'Tis heaven itself to me.

CHRIST THE EXALTED SAVIOUR.

Set him above all principalities and powers, &c.
EPHESIANS. i. 21.

A FAR above these starry skies,
JESUS has set his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

The

The countless hosts that round him stand,
 Form'd by his all-creating power,
 Fly through the world, at his command,
 Or prostrate at his feet adore.

Satan and all his rebel crew,
 That rag'd to pull his kingdom down;
 Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now,
 Lie trembling at his awful frown.

His name, above all creatures great,
 He all sustains and all controuls;
 Yet from his high, exalted seat,
 Looks gracious down on humble souls.

Though in the glories he possess,
 Long e'er this world of time began;
 He shone, the SON of GOD confess,
 He owns himself the son of man.

Here once in agonies he dy'd,
 Now in the heavens he ever lives;
 Of joy there pours the eternal tide,
 And here to us sweet foretastes gives.

All

All hail, thou great Immanuel hail !

Ten thousand blessings on thy name
Whilst of thy love I sing and tell,
My bosom feels the sacred flame.

Come, quickly come, immortal king,
On earth thy royal banners raise ;
The full salvation promis'd, bring,
And every tongue shall sound thy praise.

AN HYMN OF PRAISE TO JESUS CHRIST.

To the praise of the glory of his grace. EPH. i. 6.
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive glory, and
honour, and blessing. REV. v. 12.

WHILST the gay tribes to song profane
Devote their joyous hours,
Dear SAVIOUR, ever shall thy praise
Employ my tuneful powers.

In

In thee the FATHER's fulness dwells;
 And all his glories shine ;
 'Tis my delight to think of thee,
 'Tis heaven to call thee *mine*.

Thy grace endears my earthly bliss,
 And keeps me from its snares ;
 In every duty brings me aid,
 And softens all my cares.

Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to GOD, and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.

My wounded conscience knows thy power,
 The healing balm to give ;
 And e'en amidst the shades of death,
 If thou art there, I live.

Thy blood the gracious promise seals,
 Which binds my soul to thee ;
 And which assures me, " where thou art,
 " There shall thy servants be."

Hence

Hence springs that deardelightful hope,
That when this body dies,
My soul, on some kind angel's wing,
Shall to that glory rise.

And when thy life's inspiring voice,
Shall wake the sleeping dead,
My dust shall live, and death itself
By thee be captive led.

THE DIVINE CONDESCENSION.

The high and lofty one, that inhabiteth eternity, whose
name is holy, dwells with the humble spirit, to
revive the heart of the contrite. ISAIAH, lvii. 14.

ISING the high and holy one,
Who rules the worlds above,
Yet makes the contrite sinner's heart,
The dwelling of his love !

E

When

When from the dangerous paths of sin,
Alarm'd, they seek to fly,
And humbly to his awful throne,
Direct the weeping eye;

He sees their tears, and well approves,
And hears their every groan,
Pities the anguish of their souls,
And marks them for his own.

Invites them to his mercy seat,
And shews his smiling face;
Opens the sacred volume wide,
Where he displays his grace.

" Look here from earth's remotest ends,
" Ye trembling souls," he cries,
" In every page my goodness here
" Meets your desiring eyes.

" My son has for your sins aton'd
" By his most precious blood;
" Behold me now your father, friend,
" Your reconciled God."

Oh !

Oh! what reviving words are these!
 How welcome to our ears!
 Enough to cheer the saddest heart,
 And silence all its fears.

Come then, and let us trust the LORD,
 His mercies still endure;
 His faithfulness has never fail'd
 To make his promise sure.

THE DIVINE PROTECTION.

Ad te recurram rebus in asperis—

—Sub alis prategar et tuis.

BUCH. PSALM. lxi. 3.

THAT IS,

To thee in deep distress I fly,
 Beneath thy wings I safely lie.

WHEN the clouds of sorrow rise,
 And their gloomy horrors spread;
 Dark'ning all life's brighter skies,
 Filling all my heart with dread;

E 2

When

When I wishful look around,
 Seek, but find no succour near,
Inward thoughts my heart confound,
 All *without* distress and fear.

To the shadow of thy wing,
 LORD, with eager haste I fly,
 Safely there I sit and sing.
 And the threat'ning storms defy.

There the humble ever find,
 Guardian power, paternal love;
 Trusting there the feeblest mind,
 Stronger than its trials prove.

There then I would daily live,
 There resign my latest breath;
 That to life would sweetness give,
 This be joy divine in death.

THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE AND
GOODNESS.

Do not I fill Heaven and earth ? saith the LORD.
JER. xxxiii. 24.

GREAT is the LORD ! whose presence fills
All nature's wide domain ;
The heavens where bliss immortal dwells,
The hell where misery reigns !

Shines in yon flaming orb, the sun,
That spreads his glories far ;
Timely renews the waning moon,
And kindles every star.

Through countless worlds, in various forms,
He pours the vital flood ;
Angelic minds, and reptile worms,
Proclaim the living God.

He sees in darkness, as in light,
The good or ill we do ;
Our thoughts, though wrapt in ten-fold night,
Lie open to his view.

Thro' all this earth, the world of man,
 His providence we trace ;
 And when the sacred page we scan,
 Behold the God of grace.

There JESUS brings that world to light
 Where God in glory dwells,
 Though awful darkness, from our sight,
 His blissful face conceals.

Yet often thro' the gloomy veil
 He condescends to shine ;
 And then our wond'ring spirits feel
 A rapture all divine.

Thee I adore, all-gracious power !
 Dark—guide my doubtful way ;
 Smile prosperous on the busy hour,
 And hear me when I pray.

When doom'd to bear affliction's rod,
 And drink her bitter cup,
 Send some good word of thine, my God,
 To cheer my fainting hope.

Call'd

Call'd to resign my vital breath,
 One look of love from thee,
 Would make the dismal vale of death,
 The gate of heaven to me.

My darkness then be turn'd to light,
 And the departing hour ;
 Give to my soul that glorious sight,
 That I shall lose no more !

THE EXCELLENCY OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

FROM PSALM LXXXIV.

LORD of Host ! how heavenly fair,
 E'en on earth, thy temples are !
 Here thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven and much of thee.

From thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss that softens all our woes ;
 While thy spirit's holy fire
 Kindles up the pure desire.

Here we supplicate thy throne,
Whence thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

Thus with songs of holy joy
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
'Till from earth to heaven we soar.

GRATITUDE DUE TO GOD FOR REDEMPTION.

Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God, in
your bodies and in your spirits, which are his.

1 COR. vi. 20.

The love of CHRIST constrains us.

2 COR. v. 14.

SHALL God send his son from the skies,
To save us from sin and from hell ?
And shall we such goodness despise?
Against such a God still rebel ?

No

No brute could be ever so base ;
 Shall man thus ungrateful then prove ?
 Forbid it thou GOD of all grace !
 Forbid it thou SPIRIT of love !

The devils would laugh us to scorn,
 For folly so shameful as this ;
 O let us to GOD then return,
 Sure never was goodness like his !

He lov'd us, or we had been lost,
 Nor comfort nor hope had e'er known,
 Yet knew our salvation would cost
 No less than the blood of his SON !

If contrite and humbled in mind,
 We trust in his promised grace,
 With him we forgiveness shall find,
 And all the sweet blessings of peace.

His spirit our hearts will renew,
 To righteousness, wisdom, and love ;
 Our taste for false pleasures subdue,
 And fill us with those from above.

The

The world then, with all its vain joys
 That thousands have snar'd and undone,
 May tempt us, but shall not destroy,
 For grace has now made us his own.

As thro' life's dark desert we stray,
 He'll guard us and guide us aright ;
 Our pillar of cloud all the day,
 Our pillar of fire by night.

'Till the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
 We land on the heavenly shore,
 Amaz'd at the dangers we've pass'd,
 And the hand that thus saves us adore !

And there while his glories we see,
 In the face of the Son of his love,
 We chang'd to his likeness shall be,
 Nor e'er from his presence remove.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF
CHRIST, AS SEEN OF ANGELS.

God manifest in the flesh, seen of Angels. 1 TIM. iii. 18.

By him were all things created.

Col. i. 16.

Which things the Angels desire to look into.

1 PET. i. 12.

BLEST angels! who adoring wait
Around the eternal throne;
Where you behold the blissful face
Of GOD's anointed SON!

Ye saw him when this earth and heaven
He first a chaos made;
While night involv'd the formless deep
In her tremendous shade.

And when, amidst the darksome void,
He bid the *light* arise
And kindled up those shining orbs,
That now adorn the skies;

Ye

Ye saw—and in melodious song,
Your powerful voices rais'd ;
While all the new born worlds resound
Their great Creator's praise.

Saw how he humbled *Egypt's* pride
With his avenging hand ;
And *Israel* thro' the desert led,
To *Canaan's* promis'd land.

Heard him, from *Sinai's* trembling mount,
Proclaim his *fiery law**,
And 'midst the thunderous darkness there
His flaming glories saw.

And when on earth he deign'd to dwell,
In mortal flesh array'd ;
Ye wond'ring saw the *holy child*
In *Bethlehem's* stable laid.

While in the lowly crib repos'd,
His mother's tender care,
Ye stood around his homely bed,
And watch'd his slumbers there.

His

* Deut. xxxiii. 2.

His birth propitious, ye proclaim'd,
 In high celestial strains ;
 Not in the courts of haughty kings,
 But tents of humble swains.

When fasting in the desert long
 His spotless soul was try'd,
 Ye saw him foil the tempter there,
 And soon his wants supply'd.

Ye heard what gracious words he spoke,
 The hearts of men to win ;
 And saw, well pleas'd, the list'ning crowd
 Drink the sweet doctrine in ;

Beheld diseases, tempests, death,
 His sovereign word obey ;
 And how on dark benighted minds
 He pour'd celestial day;

Saw him from busy scenes retire,
 To spend the midnight hours,
 While pure devotion fill'd his soul
 With all her rapturous powers.

When

When on the sacred mount he shone,
 In heavenly light array'd,
 Ye saw your Sovereign there confess'd,
 And your just homage paid.

Saw when o'er *Salem's* fearful doom
 He shed the tender tear;
 And how to all his gracious calls,
 She turn'd the deaf'ned ear.

In all his toils and dangers too,
 Ye did his steps attend;
 Oft paus'd—and wonder'd how at last
 This scene of love would end!

And when the powers of hell combin'd,
 To fill his cup of woe,
 Your pitying eyes beheld his tears
 In bloody anguish flow.

As on the torturing tree he hung,
 And darkness veil'd the sky!
 Ye saw, aghast!—that awful sight,
 THE LORD OF GLORY DIE!!

Astonished!

Astonished! here ye search and learn,
 High heaven's myſterious ways ;
 That thus to guilty dying man,
 Immortal life conveys !

Anon, he burſts the gates of death,
 Subdues the tyrant's power ;
 Ye ſaw th' illuſtrious conqueror riſe,
 And hail'd the bliſſful hour.

'Tended his chariot up the ſkies,
 And bore him to his throne ;
 Then ſwept your golden harps and ſang,
 " The glorious work is done !"

My ſoul the joyful triumph feels,
 And thinks the moments long ;
 E'er ſhe her SAVIOUR's glory ſees,
 And joins the rapturous ſong !

PART OF THE CIII. PSALM.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

Sit perens rerum, &c.

BE the great parent of the world my song!
 Be his my panting heart, and tuneful tongue!
 While all the powers of life within me glow,
 The sacred honours of his name to shew.
 And thou, my soul, thy best affections raise,
 In grateful arduour to exalt his praise;
 Nor from thy memory, let e'en time remove,
 The pleasing records of his saving love.
 But, when oppress'd with guilt, despair, dismay,
 Think how he swept the dreadful load away;
 Think how his balmy hand thy sickness heal'd,
 His pard'ning grace with peace thy bosom fill'd;
How

How oft he did thy hastening fate controul,
 And bid thy years still onward smiling roll.
 The good for which thy panting bosom sigh'd,
 How oft has his benevolence supply'd?
 That like the eagle, rising from decay,
 Thy health and life bloom on from day to day.

He the just judge, the sin avenging God,
 Who rules the nations with an iron rod,
 To holy *Moses* did his statutes give,
 And, by wise laws, taught *Israel* how to live,
 Benevolent and kind, to anger flow,
 He bids the stream of goodness ever flow;
 Tho' long provok'd, he lifts his sword on high,
 Yet oft he lays the threat'ned vengeance by,
 And when compell'd, he makes the guilty mourn,
 Will not for ever let his anger burn;
 Yea e'en the greatest punishment we feel,
 If, with our sins compar'd, are mercies still.

A FUNERAL MEDITATION.

Man cometh up and is cut down like a flower. JOB, xiv. 1.

FRAIL man! how like the tender flower,
That blooms in morning skies,
But e'er the evening tide arrives,
Is blasted, fades, and dies!

Diseases thick around him stand,
And on his vitals prey;—
The beating pulse that life sustains,
Beats too that life away.

ETERNITY before him rolls,
A vast and awful deep!
Yet on its high impending brink
He dares securely sleep.

ETERNITY! amazing word!
Who thy vast meaning knows?
Imme³surably great thy joys,
As great thy burning woes!

Rouse

Rouse, careless sinner, hear, obey,
While mercy deigns to call,
Left into that tremendous deep,
A wretch undone thou fall !

The great destroyer near thee stands,
And his envenom'd dart,
Next from his awful quiver drawn,
May pierce thy thoughtless heart.

Repeated warnings from the tomb
Salute thy listless ear ;
Oh ! may thy conscience feel their power,
And rouse thy soul to fear.

Then lead thee, weeping, to the cross,
To trust a SAVIOUR's blood ;
His spirit seal thy pardon there,
And make thy peace with GOD !

Thus shelter'd from the wrath to come
By the REDEEMER's grace,
Stern death will lay his terrors by,
And wear an angel's face.

DESIRING TO LOVE GOD.

Thou shalt love the LORD thy GOD. DEUT. vi. 5.

YES, I would love thee, blessed GOD!
 Paternal goodness marks thy name;
 Goodness, that thro' high heavens abode,
 Th' angelic hosts, with joy proclaim.

Goodness, that on my eyes, my ears,
 My every sense, its blessings pours;
 That wipes away affliction's tears,
 And brightens all my happiest hours.

Goodness, that sent thy dearest SON,
 For me to suffer, bleed, and die;
 And raise me, else a wretch undone,
 To endless bliss above the sky.

In him thy reconciled face,
 With joy unspeakable I see;
 And sweetly feel the amazing grace,
 Draw and unite my soul to thee,

To

26 Jan 247

To thee, the source of pure delight,
Whence all my dearest comforts flow
In ceaseless streams, by day, by night,
And make me taste of heaven below.

LORD, when my foolish wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Reveal thy love ;—I need no more.

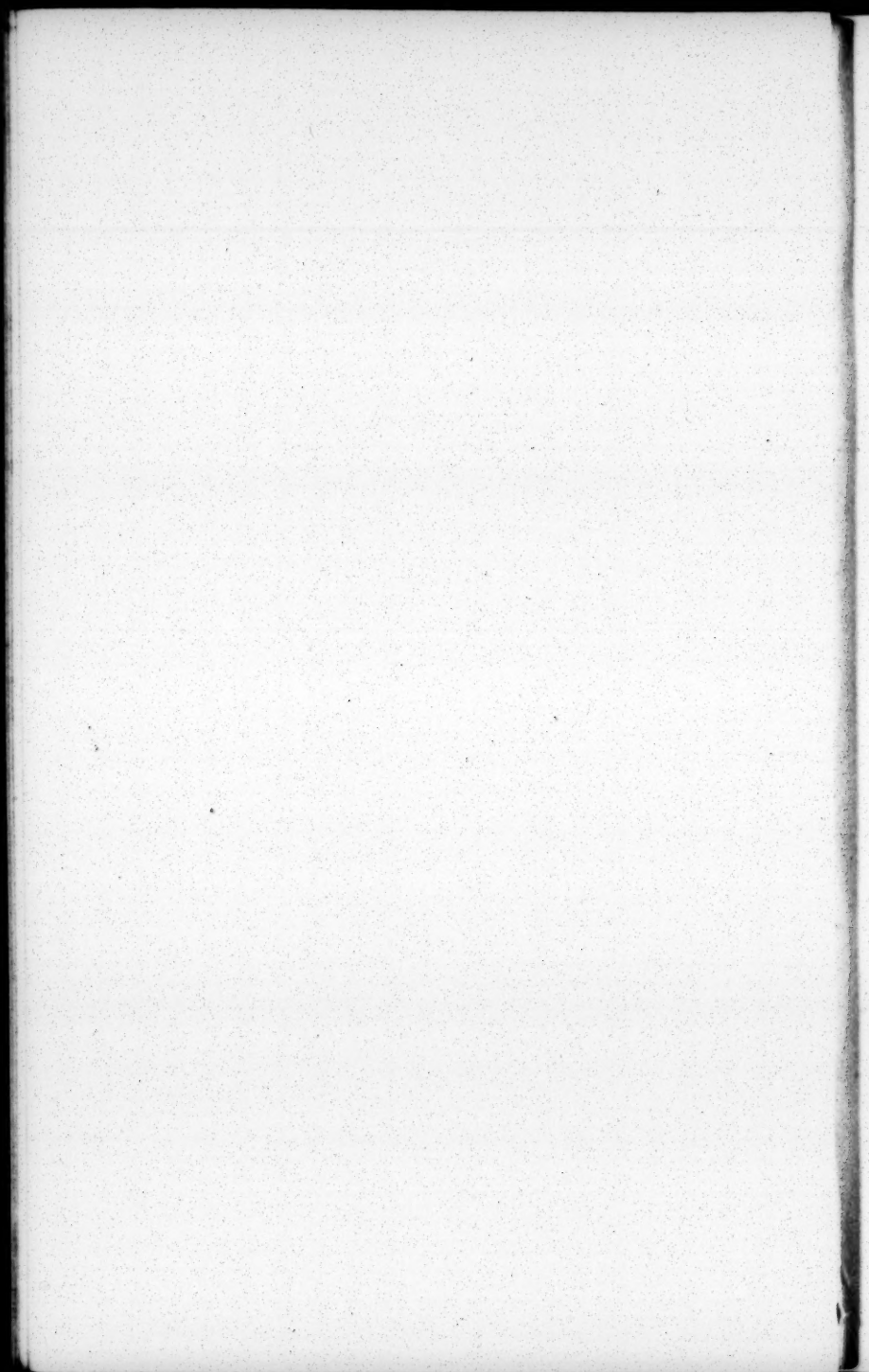
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THE
S E A S O N S.
BEING A
VERSION
OF
Mr. THOMSON'S HYMN
ON THAT SUBJECT.

From his HEROIC BLANK VERSE into LYRIC
MEASURE and RHYME.

In FOUR PARTS.

- I. A Brief Description of the Seasons,
- II. Reflections on the same.
- III. The Hallelujah.
- IV. The Conclusion.



ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. THOMPSON'S SEASONS have been long admired, for the truly poetic elegance of sentiment and diction, the easy flow of the numbers, and the strong moral tendency that appears through the whole.

Nor is the HYMN at the close (which is a kind of epitome of the SEASONS, with suitable reflections,) the least agreeable part of that entertaining performance.

This attempt, of turning blank heroics into lyric measure and rhyme, is, so far as I know, entirely new. I was led to it by a sudden start of fancy upon perusing this HYMN. The main difficulty lies, in putting off the solemn majestic dress of heroic blank verse, and putting on the more easy, gay, and lively one of the lyric, and yet preserving all the leading sentiments, nor too much defacing any essential ornament of the original poem.

This ODE, therefore, though it pretends not to the merit of an ORIGINAL composition, may fairly claim that of a TRANSLATION. For though the language is still the same, the form of it is materially altered; and a real translation made of one species of verse into another, whose distinguishing

guishing characteristics are very different; which will be found to require much the same strength of genius, as translating out of one language into another.

If it be asked, what end is this labour to answer, seeing we have Mr. THOMSON already in ENGLISH? The reply is,—Just what dressing the same person, in suits of different colours and fashions would answer, viz. the creating an AGREEABLE VARIETY. Besides, this change of dress may more particularly entertain the lovers of lyric poetry, find some amusement for the critic, and be the means of spreading still farther abroad the moral and divine sentiments of this EXCELLENT HYMN; as it is possible these lines may fall under some eye, that has never seen Mr. THOMSON'S SEASONS. And I will add, that, as it appears from this little essay that a poetic genius might thus furnish out an agreeable entertainment from Milton and others, as well as from my author, it may possibly be the means of putting some such genius upon a work of this nature and consequently of enlarging our innocent and virtuous pleasures.

THE

THE
S E A S O N S, &c.

PART I.

A brief description of the SEASONS.

THE SEASONS, as they circling roll,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! shew
Thy VARIED GODHEAD still the SAME,
In every changing view.

Forth in the gay enlivening SPRING,
Thy beauty walks abroad,
The flushing fields and balmy air,
Confess th' indulgent GOD.

The

The grassy hills to sound thy praise,
 Their echoing tongues employ ;
 The forests smile ; and every sense,
 And every heart is joy.

With thy still more refulgent light,
 The SUMMER's bosom glows ;
 And through the swelling year thy sun,
 His ripening vigour throws.

Then oft thy voice in thunder speaks,
 And dreadful rends the skies ;
 Or through the grove, at silent eve,
 In gentle whispers flies.

Rich AUTUMN from her ample lap,
 Thy various bounty pours ;
 And beasts and men, with grateful joy,
 Feast on the welcome stores.

In WINTER awful thou !—while clouds
 In tempests round thee roll ;
 And darkness with majestic gloom,
 Enwraps the northern pole,

When

When on the whirlwind's stormy wing,
 Borne with resistless power,
 Thou humblest nature with thy blast,
 And bidst the world adore !

PART II.

Reflections on the SEASONS.

MYSTERIOUS round ! in thee what skill,
 What force divine appears !
 Beauty and goodness, both combine
 To crown our circling years !

Shades softening into shades, unseen,
 So form the harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they still
 Conspire to charm the soul.

But man, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Beholds the wonderful frame,
 Nor marks, great GOD, thy mighty hand,
 Nor reads thy shining name.

That

That hand that wheels the silent spheres,
 With ever active power,
 Gives life to earth, and spreads the **SPRING**,
 With fair profusion o'er ;

Flings from the sun the flaming day,
 Sends every creature food,
 Through every change, with transport wakes,
 And points our hearts to **GOD**.

PART III.

The HALLELUJAH.

NATURE attend !—join every soul,
 That feels the **POWER DIVINE** ;
 Beneath the temple of the sky,
 In adoration join.

Warm'd with his love, let every tongue,
 In tuneful numbers raise
 To him one universal song,
 And tell the world his praise.

Breathe

Breathe soft to him, ye vocal gales
 That fan the evening air,
 His spirit in your freshness breathes,
 And leaves his blessing there.

Oh! talk of him in the brown shades;
 The scarcely waving pine
 Forms o'er the solitary rock,
 And fills with awe divine.

Ye bolder winds that shake the worlds,
 To warn a careless age,
 Lift high the loud impetuous song,
 And tell from whom you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, and trembling rills,
 In tuneful numbers try;
 And let me catch the pleasing sound,
 As I walk museful by.

Ye rapid torrents, vast, profound,
 Say, as ye wasteful roll,
 Who gives you all your dreadful power,
 And does that power controul?

Ye

Ye softer floods, that through the vale,
 In humid mazes stray,
 In smother notes proclaim his name
 Along your winding way.

Majestic deep ! whose ample breast,
 Amazing worlds contains,
 With voice stupendous sound his praise,
 Through all thy vast domains.

When with a mightier voice he speaks,
 Obey the awful call ;
 Or, if he bids thy roarings rise,
 Or, if he bids them fall.

Herbs, fruits, and flowers, to him your sweets
 In clouds of incense join ;
 His sun exalts you, breathe perfumes,
 And in his tints you shine.

Ye lofty forests, bend to him
 Who rais'd your heads so high ;
 To him ye golden harvests wave
 Beneath his gentler sky.

Into the reaper's heart your song,
 In silent sweetness breathe,
 As to his homely cot he goes,
 The joyous moon beneath.

Ye stars, or fix'd, or wandering wide,
 That watch the silent night,
 As earth asleep unconscious lies,
 Effuse your milder light ;

While all around the spangled sky,
 His praise your angels sing,
 And tune to him their silver lyres,
 From every sounding string.

Great source of day ! best semblance here
 Of thy Creator, GOD,
 Who dost the vital ocean pour
 From world to world abroad ;

Still as thou mark'st the changing year,
 And measur'st out our days,
 On every part of nature write
 With every beam his praise.

G

His

His thunder rolls !—be hush'd the world,
 Low, prostrate at his feet ;
 While clouds to clouds, with awe profound,
 The solemn hymn repeat.

Bleat out ye hills,—ye mossy rocks
 The pleasing sound retain ;
 Ye vales, with broad responsive low,
 Hail your great shepherd's reign !

He reigns to save ! let the whole earth
 Prepare to make him room !
 Soon his unsuffering kingdom shall
 In all its glory come !

Woodlands awake ! a boundless song
 Burst from the vocal groves ;
 'Till restless day expiring lies,
 And not a warbler moves.

Then Philomela, sweetest bird !
 With thy melodious lays,
 Delight the listening shades, and teach
 The silent night his praise.

Ye

Ye chief, for whom creation smiles,
Of all the head, heart, tongue,
Attend with your superior powers,
And crown the general song.

Ye, who the swarming city fill,
Your sprightly voices join
To the deep organs swelling base,
In harmony divine ;

And let your bosoms mingling flames,
(Each kindling as it flies)
To heaven in one united blaze
Of holy ardour rise.

Or, if from crouds and noise retir'd,
The rural shade you love ;
A solemn temple there you'll find
In every sacred grove.

The shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The poet's tuneful lyre,
All sing the GOD OF SEASONS there,
Warm'd with seraphic fire.

While blooms the SPRING, or SUMMER's suns
 Shall ruffet o'er the plain ;
 Or muse-inspiring AUTUMN shine,
 Or gloomy WINTER reign ;

If I forget the darling theme,
 Be ever mute my tongue ;
 My fancy paint no more ; my heart
 Be dead to every song !

PART IV.

THE CONCLUSION.

ME, should he lead to barbarous climes,
 Or streams, to song unknown,
 Far as green earth's remotest verge,
 Or 'midst the burning zone ;

To where the sun on Indian hills,
 In orient lustre gleams ;
 Or flaming on the Atlantic isles,
 He pours his setting beams ;

Tis

'Tis nought to me—while GOD I feel,
 He shall my song employ ;
 In the wide waste, as city full—
 Where HE is must be joy.

And when the solemn hour shall come,
 To quit this mortal clay,
 In mystic flight, to future worlds,
 I'll chearful wing my way.

There all the joys of seasons meet,
 In one eternal SPRING ;
 And there new wonders as they rise,
 I'll with new ardour sing.

Where'er I go, from world to world,
 To nature's utmost bound,
 Still UNIVERSAL LOVE I see,
 Sweet smiling all around.

That love, yon mighty orbs sustains ;
 And with divinest skill,
 Good, and more good progressive draws
 From every seeming ill.

G 3

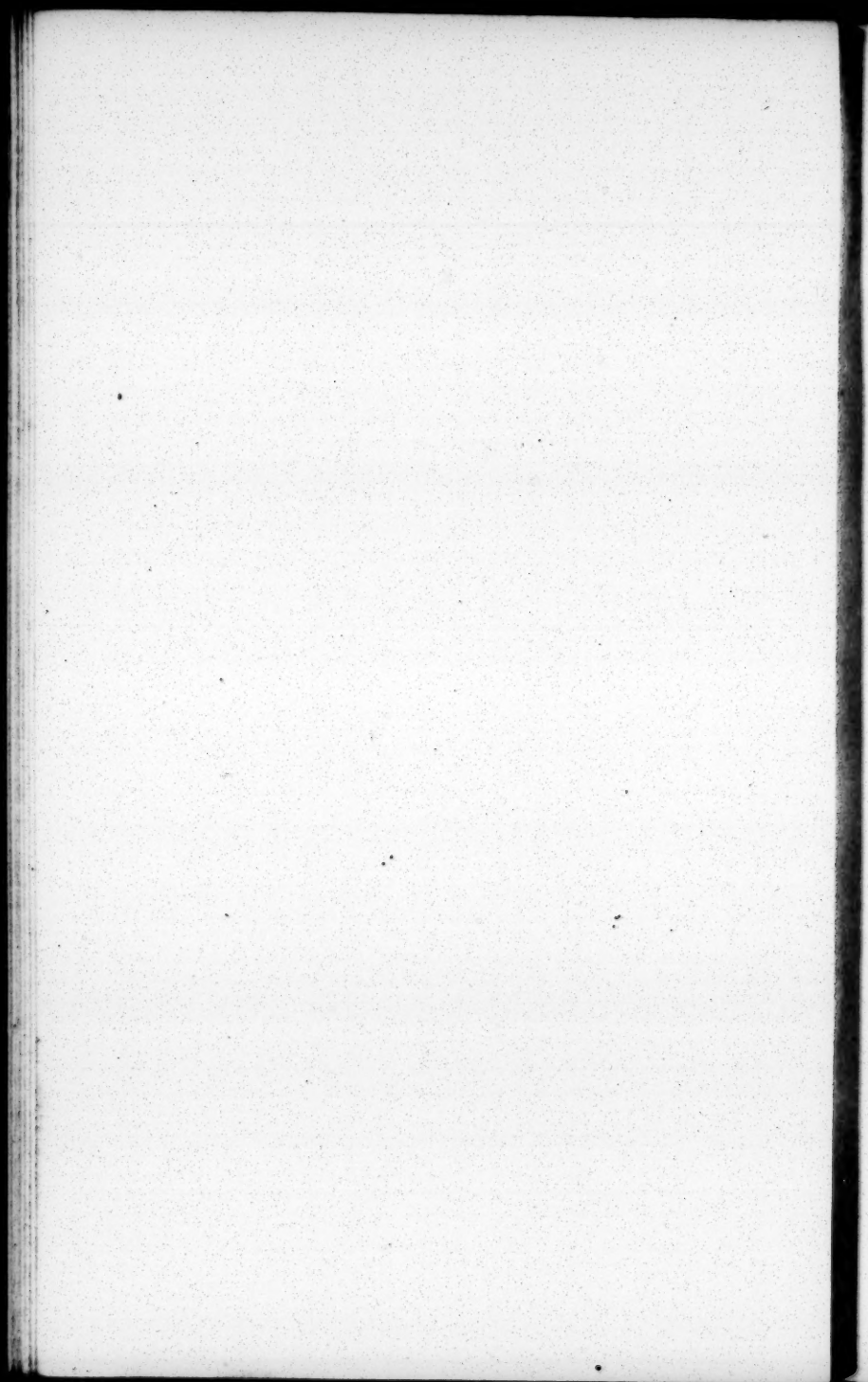
But

But oh ! I lose myself in him !—
Ineffable his ways !
Come then expressive silence come,
And muse his awful praise !

THE
LANDSCAPE;

AN
O D E,

SACRED TO
DIVINE MEDITATION.



THE ARGUMENT.

LET the reader suppose himself taking a summer evening's walk, by the side of a river, where he is entertained with a variety of objects. The fishes sporting in the waters—the stream losing itself in a distant wood—the birds warbling on the willows—the meadows and lawns adjoining drest in all their flow'ry verdure—the flocks and herds feeding, or roving there. At a little distance, on the one hand, the peasant's homely cot; on the other, a gentleman's elegant seat and gardens—a little farther, the ruins of an old castle—farther still, a country church and village—and beyond all, hills, woods, and cultivated vales; an half-clouded sky; the setting sun; the risen moon. This is the argument and chief scenery of the following Ode.

In such a situation, with a mind disengaged from impertinent pleasures, and undisturbed by bustling cares, is it possible to THINK, and not

to

THE ARGUMENT.

think of that GREAT BEING, whose wisdom, power, and goodness, furnished the pleasing landscape, and stand confessed in every object ? and not think too, of some of the many lessons of piety and virtue, pressed upon the attention, in the pathetic language of nature, speaking to every sense, and through them all to the heart ? It is possible, perhaps ; but if this be actually the case, surely it argues very little sense of religion ; little taste for some of the more refined and exalted pleasures of which the human nature is capable ; and consequently a very low and depraved state of the rational powers of the mind.

THE
LANDSCAPE, &c.

REMOVÆ, omnia plena.

HOW fair this page of nature's book,
That here unfolded lies!
Instruction warms the museful heart,
While beauty glads the eyes.

In this gay mead's enamell'd green,
This gently flowing stream,
And the mute nations sporting there,
I read th' Eternal Name.

He

Heavenly Father, who art the Father of all things,

He bids the silver current roll
 Along the flow'ry dale ;
 Then deep in yonder dusky grove,
 Her shining bosom veil.

So through the scenes of mortal life,
 Joy rolls her smiling wave ;
 So quickly meets the dreary shades,
 That hang around the grave.

To HIM, the warblers on the spray,
 Attune the sprightly song ;
 His gentle zephyr's breezy wing
 Wafts the soft notes along.

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
 That range the green lawn o'er,
 Unconscious, on HIS bounty call,
 And find the needful store.

Hence would I learn for all I have,
 To sound HIS praises high ;
 And on his kind paternal care,
 For all I want rely.

He

He, shelt'ring round that lowly cot,
 The bowery hazel throws ;
 Breathes in the balmy woodbine there,
 And paints the blushing rose.

The LORD, though sov'reign of the worlds,
 Scorns not the homeliest cell,
 Where virtuous poverty, and peace,
 And meek contentment, dwell.

As thence to his high throne ascends
 The peasant's humble pray'r,
 Incens'd with JESUS' sacred name,
 It finds acceptance there.

'Twas he that gave the pleasing skill
 That sumptuous pile to raise,
 Where grandeur to the wond'ring eye
 A thousand charms displays.

He smiles in those sweet mantling groves,
 And cool enlight'ning glades,
 And rocky founts, and wand'ring rills,
 And solitary shades.

There

There, when the peaceful evening reigns,
 I could delight to rove ;
 And, rapt in contemplation high,
 Enjoy my Saviour's love.

That love oh may the owner's heart,
 In all its fulness know !
 Nor e'er amidst his various bliss
 Forget his neighbour's woe.

Yon castle, once the hero's pride,
 With warlike glory crown'd,
 Now, all in hoary fragments, spreads
 A pensive gloom around.

So must, e'er long, this earthly globe,
 And those bright orbs on high,
 Crush'd by the Almighty's awful hand,
 In one dark ruin lie !

Learn then my soul, from mortal things,
 To turn thy wishful eyes ;
 Nor think of lasting bliss below
 The perishable skies.

To

To yonder temple, whose tall spire
O'erlooks the cottag'd plain,
Oft, to adore the eternal mind,
Resorts the rustic train.

There, while they hear his gracious word,
And feel his presence nigh,
They learn in holy fear to live,
In holy hope to die.

In those steep hills, woods, fertile vales,
In pleasing verdure drest ;
Those burnish'd clouds, that azure sky,
The Godhead stands confest.

The golden sun, His glory spreads,
Through the gay worlds of light ;
He bids the silver moon to shine,
And cheer the realms of night.

Thus far and near, where'er we send
Our roving eyes abroad,
The various objects all conspire,
To lead us up to God.

That

That God, whose word all nature form'd,
 Whose eye all nature sees ;
 Whose hand all nature rules, sustains,
 Or crushes, if he please.

Before whose high and dazzling throne,
 Myriads of angels bow ;
 Whose smile is everlasting bliss,
 Whose frown is endless woe.

Low at his feet, then, O my soul,
 In prostrate homage fall !
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy trust,
 Thy joy, thy God, thy all.

A VIEW OF THE SECOND COMING OF
CHRIST, AND THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Behold I come quickly,—Even so come LORD JESUS.
REV. XXII. 12, 20.

COME, great deliverer, quickly come,
And call thy waiting people home,
They long to see thee here again,
No more to suffer, but to reign.
'Tis thy own promise gracious LORD,
And all our hopes rest on thy word.
Come vindicate thy righteous cause,
And add new honours to thy cross.
Then shall the scoffing tribes no more,
Dare to deride thy awful power;
Nor thy own people more complain,
Of distance, darkness, sin, and pain.

He comes ! hark ! how the thunders roll.
And shake the heavens from pole to pole !

H

As

As lightnings down the parting skies,
Lo ! there his flaming chariot flies !

Himself enwrapt in dazzling light,
E'en angels scarce sustain the sight.
The sun with all his shining host,
Is in th' amazing brightness lost ;
The seas affrighted haste away ;
All nature feels the dreadful day !
While bold blasphemers, pale with fear,
Behold the threat'ning vengeance near.

Descending from his dread abode,
Th' arch-angel sounds the trump of God ;
Alarms the silent dark domains,
Where death, the king of terrors reigns ;
He hears the call, nor dares delay,
And strait resigns his captive prey.

The just awake in sweet surprise,
And in the Saviour's likeness rise,
Feel all their vital powers renew'd,
With immortality endu'd ;
Behold him near, who, strong to save,
Thus triumphs o'er the boasting grave,

And

And swift as angels through the air,
Ascend to meet the conqueror there.

The guilty all with wild affright,
Awake reluctant to the light,
And shuddering at the impending doom,
Shrink back for shelter in the tomb ;
But find alas ! no shelter there,
Tis horror all, and wild despair.
On rocks and hills in vain they call,
To crush them by their dreadful fall ;
The earth itself, and circling sky
All now in burning ruin lie ;
And where's the hand that wrath can stay,
That sweeps at once whole worlds away ?

The judge ascends his radiant throne,
And makes his high commission known ;
Just and unjust before him stand,
In order rang'd, on either hand ;
And there in awful silence wait,
The judgment that must fix their state
When the respective deeds they've done,
Are to the listening world made known ;

The sentence past, the wicked go,
Down to the deeps of fiery woe;
The righteous to their blest abode,
The kingdom of their father, GOD.

Thus JESUS pleads his righteous cause,
And adds new honours to his cross;
Does thus both life and death dispense,
Thus close the plan of providence;
For ever faithful to his word;—
Let all the nations praise the LORD.

THE PLAIN CHRISTIAN'S MORNING
HYMN.

I will sing of thy power,—Yea of thy mercy every
morning. PSALM lix. 16.

BLEST be the LORD, whose watchful care,
Preserv'd me through the night;
And cheers once more my waking eyes,
With day's reviving light.

Let

Let too the sun of righteousness
 Arise upon my soul ;
 His healing wings have power to make
 The wounded spirit whole.

My vows to thee I now renew,
 Devoted to thy will ;
 Oh ! let thy arm be my defence,
 Thy wisdom guide me still.

If fair prosperity should shine,
 To day upon my ways,
 Grant me in all to taste thy love,
 And give thee all the praise.

If sad adversity should frown
 Upon the work I do,
 Give me in patience still to hope,
 And what is right pursue.

And thus through all the scenes of life,
 LORD keep me near to thee,
 And in the gloomy vale of death,
 Thy glory let me see !

THE ORRERY,*

OR A

SUMMARY DISPLAY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God. PSALM xix. 1.
They shall perish, but thou shalt endure for ever.

PSALM, cii. 26.

An undevout Astronomer is mad.

YOUNG.

HERE, in the centre, shines the sun ;
There Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Moon
Glide through the ethereal plain ;
Next, by himself, rolls fiery Mars,
Then belted Jove, with his four stars,
A bright lunarian train.

Dim

* The ORRERY is an astronomical machine, designed to explain the solar system, and give a general idea of the situation, distances, &c. of the Planets, and of their respective motions round the sun as their common centre, with the different times of their revolutions.

DIRTY Saturn there, on verge of night,
 With his five moons,* and ring of light,
 His ample circuit runs ;
 Beyond all these, in space immense,
 The fixed stars their light dispense,
 To other worlds the suns.

LORD, while these wonders I survey,
 And trace them through their azure way,
 I read thy MIGHTY NAME ;
 Their light is but a shade of thine,
 Yet wheresoe'er they roll, or shine,
 Thy glories they proclaim.

But when by faith I stretch my sight,
 To worlds of uncreated light,
 Still brighter wonders rise ;
 The glories of thy saving grace,
 Full beaming from IMMANUEL's face,
 Salute my ravish'd eyes.

H 4

Let

* Since this was written Dr. Herschel has discovered
 a sixth.

Let suns and moons forsake the sky,
 And all their shining beauties die,
 That grace shall still endure :
 JESUS still shine, and round his throne,
 In heav'ns to mortal eyes unknown,
 His saints shall live secure.

THE
C O N T R A S T;
OR THE
DYING PROFLIGATE,
AND
DYING CHRISTIAN.

PREFATORY ADVERTISEMENT.

Man's heart the ALMIGHTY to the future sets
By secret inviolable springs.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

MANKIND, however gay and thoughtless while in health and spirits, are generally disposed to be serious when they feel the hand of death upon them. The strong convictions they then have of the transitory unsatisfying nature of this world, and their near views of the eternal, check the violence of irregular appetite, and awaken the nobler powers of the mind. The heart then begins to fear being deceived ; lies more open to the force of truth, and is, consequently, more capable of judging, according to the *real* nature of things. The testimony, therefore, which they then give in favour of religion, goes a great way towards demonstrating its divine original and importance. We meet with this testimony frequently, not only in the high consolations, and joys of the truly pious, but also in the self-reproaches, terrors, and despair of the wicked.

To illustrate this point is the design of the following verses. *Apisto*, a libertine in principle
and

and practice, I have supposed dying in the full exercise of his reason and conscience, deeply sensible of his guilt, and in dread of the divine resentment. Nor is this *mere* supposition; we have actually many instances of persons of *Apisto's* character, leaving the world under such distressing apprehensions as are here described. And this not as the effect of a weak imagination, melancholy, or prejudices of education; but as what arise from the natural and necessary constitution of things which has always prevailed in the world. For the ideas of an Almighty God, the moral governor of mankind; of a future state of retribution, and of the absolute necessity of religion and virtue, are so perfectly agreeable to the nature of the human mind, and somehow, so strongly and almost universally impressed upon it, that the most hardened in impiety, with all their utmost efforts, can seldom entirely get rid of them.—If they seem to do so for a time, just in the heat of sensual enjoyment, yet when cool, and especially when in the near view of death and eternity, they often return with redoubled force upon the conscience. In short, there is scarcely any thing in nature more evident than that *vice and misery*
are

are so inseparably connected, that first or last, the *latter must* be the consequence of the *former*;—as certainly and inevitably as death would be the consequence of a stab through the heart, and that for the same reason, even the immutable appointment of the DEATH; and hence it is that we have so many awful testimonies of the divinity and importance of religion, even from some of its most avowed enemies; witness *Villiers* the second Duke of *Buckingham*, and *Wilmot* Earl of *Rochester*.

On the other hand, I have introduced the *Good Man*; that is, one who has sincerely repented of his sins, embraced the promises of mercy as they are found in the Christian revelation; who has made it his earnest concern to know the will of God, and to conform to it, in the temper of his mind, and the conduct of his life; but who, after all his attainments in piety and virtue, confesses himself a sinner, and looks to the sacrifice and righteousness of the Redeemer, as the primary ground of his hope of pardon and acceptance with God.—On a bed of mortal sickness, and in the due exercise of his understanding, the sentiments and language of *this man* must be the en-

ture

ture reverse of that of *Apisto*, full of divine hope and joy ; and this resulting as naturally from his principles and practice as the distress of *Apisto* from his. Nor are we at a loss for instances of this triumphant manner of departing this life, amongst those who fear God and love the LORD JESUS CHRIST in sincerity ; from whence we have abundant evidence of the truth of Christianity, and how wisely it is adapted to the happiness of mankind, and to afford them the most rational consolation in the near view of eternity.

N. B. In the *dying profligate*, *Ensebius* is supposed to take his young friend *Florio* to visit *Apisto*, upon his death bed ; hence the form of dialogue in the poems, where *Apisto* appears the principal speaker, expostulating with himself in the hearing of the other.

The objection, that it is unnatural to suppose that a person in the situation of *Apisto*, should express himself in the jingle of rhyming verse, may be answered by referring to *Pope's Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame*, and other celebrated pieces in our best poets, *Latin, Greek, and English*. And indeed none but the dullest of mere prosaic geniusses, as cold as ice, could possibly make such an objection seriously.

THE
DYING PROFLIGATE.

—Quos diri conscia facti
Mens habet attonitos—JUVEN. xiii.

THAT IS,
The horrid deed the astonish'd conscience feels

USEBIUS.

MY FLORIO, hither turn thine eye,
And see the gay APISTO die ;—
The man, who oft in wanton pride,
Durst e'en the eternal world deride ;
See ! pale and trembling how he lies,
And smites his breast and deeply sighs !
Looks, as if wishing to impart,
The bitter anguish of his heart ;—

In

In awful silence then draw near,
We now some serious truths shall hear.

APISTO.

Once, flush'd with vigour health, and youth,
And ridicule my test of truth,
As worse than brute I dar'd to live,
And laugh'd at what the good believe ;
So like the brute I thought to die,
And e'en of GOD forgotten lie,
But now, alas ! too late I see,
A power from which I cannot flee ;—
ETERNITY, dread world ! appears,
And wakens all my guilty fears ;—
ETERNITY ! thou vast profound !
Enwrapt in darkness all around,
Except portentous of my doom,
Those flames that pierce thy tenfold gloom ;
Fierce as the lightnings horrid glare,
A light e'en worse than darkness far ;
This all my blood with horror chills,
This all my soul with anguish fills !

And now, alas ! where shall I find,
Aught that may ease my tortur'd mind !
When

When I *within* myself retreat,
 A guilty conscience there I meet;
 Where all my sins in order rise,
 In ghastly forms before my eyes;
 Vile lusts, oppression, falsehood pride,
 And ah! ten thousand crimes beside.
 If *upward* I presume to look,
 I see the God whose *laws* I broke;
 Whose awful justice, once my jest,
 Points her dread lightnings at my breast.
 Or if I *downward* cast my eye,
 There I behold destruction nigh;
 While hovering on the brink of death,
 I trembling view the hell beneath!

Ye gay companions, once so dear,
 Who us'd so oft my heart to cheer,
 Have now your tales and songs no power,
 To soothe me in this painful hour?
 Where, innate courage, where art thou?
 Come aid my sinking spirits now;
 Alas! in vain, in vain I call,
 Weak comforters I find ye all.

I

But

But must I then, ah! must I die?
 And is there no deliverer nigh?
 Ye sages of the healing art,
 Can you no gleam of hope impart?
 Try all your skill, and try again;
 But ah! I know 'tis all in vain:
 DEATH, DEATH approaches, his stern brow
 Threatens the fearful ruin now.

Great King of terrors, oh! forbear,
 And hear, for once, a mortal's prayer;
 Oh! stay thy hand, and let me live,
 Grant me though but a short reprieve!
 Let not thy fatal arrow fly,
 'Till I have better learnt to die!
 Sweet hope, to which the wretched flee,
 May yet perhaps, return to me;
 On my benighted soul may rise
 Some beam of mercy from the skies!
 Like as some well known midnight star,
 Directs the anxious mariner,
 To some not distant happy strand,
 Where he may soon in safety land.

JESUS,

JESUS, who did for sinner's die,
 And hears the wretched when they cry,
 May too for me compassion feel,
 To me his pardoning grace reveal;
 While I, now humbled in the dust,
 Call on his name my only trust.
 But oh! I fear, yea more than fear
 The slighted SAVIOUR will not hear;
 The blood I dar'd so oft despise,
 For vengeance now against me cries;
 Vengeance must hear, nor will delay,
 And mercy I have sinn'd away;
 Her gentle voice I hear no more,
 Oh! that I had but heard before!—
 I cannot bear the shocking thought!—
 I fain would hope—but where, or what!
 My soul is all in tempest tost,
 Is all in wild confusion lost!
 I feel the dreaded moment come,
 And I must go, and meet my doom!—
 Now, now I plunge I know not where,
 'Tis horror all, and black despair!
 Oh! ———

EUSEBIUS.

Hark, FLORIO ! 'tis the expiring groan,
And now the trembling spirit's gone !

FLORIO.

But whither gone ! to bliss or woe ?

EUSEBIUS.

The veil is drawn, seek not to know ;
Admonish'd by this awful scene,
Dread thou to be, what that has been ;
Look up to JESUS, he can give
Thee grace to teach thee how to live ;
Believe his promises, and there
Repentant trust, he'll hear thy prayer ;
And when stern death shall close thine eyes,
Will take thy spirit to the skies,
There to behold his blissful face,
All rapt in wonder, love, and praise !

THE

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

The righteous hath hope in his death.

PROV. xiv. 32.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee
a crown of life.

REV. ii. 16.

AND am I going? is this DEATH,
Bedews my face and dims my eyes?
That shortens thus my fainting breath,
And on my heart oppressive lies?

Awful, yet dear delightful thought!
What pleasing hopes dost thou inspire!
Thy vital warmth my soul has caught,
And pants for death with strong desire!

No more a prisoner then below,
Shall I in flesh and darkness dwell;
Or stretch'd upon the bed of woe
My griefs to helpless mortals tell.

Guilt then no more my heart shall wound,
Satan and sin shall tempt no more ;
But grace, and peace, and joy abound,
And reign in all their glorious power.

Oh ! that my sands would faster run,
Death come and set the prisoner free !—
But let thy will, my God, be done,
My struggling soul submits to thee.

Yet there the friendly angels stand,
On heavens high verge, prepar'd to fly,
As waiting for the last command,
To fetch my spirit to the sky.

Now now they downward urge their flight,
Celestial glory marks their way,
And pours upon my ravish'd sight
The bliss of everlasting day.

O earth ! thy kingdoms, and thy kings,
That charm deluded mortals so,
What little despicable things,
To the vast joys to which I go !

Ye

Ye dying glories of the skies,
 Suns, moons, and starry worlds adieu;
 I go where glory never dies,
 And where there is no need of you;

To worlds of uncreated light,
 Where the Almighty sets his throne;
 There to behold that blissful sight,
 The GODHEAD shining through the SON!

JESUS—the lamb that once was slain,
 To save me by his precious blood,
 And there with him to live and reign,
 For ever near and like my GOD.

There join the vast adoring throng,
 Who on his glories ever gaze,
 And shout to him in endless song,
 Salvation, honour, blessing, praise.

Lo! now he draws the veil aside,
 And looks from heaven inviting down,
 Opens the chrystal portals wide,
 And reaches out the immortal crown.

“ Redeemed spirit hither come,
Methinks I hear him gracious say,
“ Enter thy everlasting home,
“ And bear the shining prize away.”

“ I, the Omnipotent to save,
“ Have conquer’d death and crush’d his sting;
“ I triumph’d o’er the boasting grave,—
“ Come thou my victories share and sing.”

Gracious Redeemer, lo ! I come,
Supported by thy faithful word,
Glad to possess my crown, my home,
And sing thy victories, mighty LORD !

Blest moment, now I feel thee nigh ;—
Thrice welcome the cold arms of death !
JESUS ! thro’ thee ’tis life to die !
I praise thee with my latest breath.

THE

THE CHRISTIAN'S ENTRANCE INTO
HEAVEN.

We see JESUS crowned with glory. Hebrews ii. 9.

That they may be with me where I am to behold my
glory. John xvii. 29.

Absent from the body, present with the LORD.
2 Corinthians v. 8.

Ye shall receive a crown of glory. 1 Peter v. 4.

AND have I dropt my mortal clay,
With all its darkness, sins, and pains !
Are these the realms of endless day
Where the exalted SAVIOUR reigns !

Yes—there he sits with glory crown'd,
High on his bright imperial throne,
Ten thousand harps his praises sound,
In strains to mortal ears unknown.

In him I see the GODHEAD now,
In all its fulness stand confest ;
While at his feet archangels bow,
And peace and joy fills every breast.

On

On me he looks with smiles of love,
 Such as on earth I never knew,
 Welcomes me to the courts above,
 And crowns my head with glory too.

Amazing grace ! how could it be,
 That one so vile as I have been,
 Should thus my GOD and SAVIOUR see,
 Thus drink immortal pleasures in !

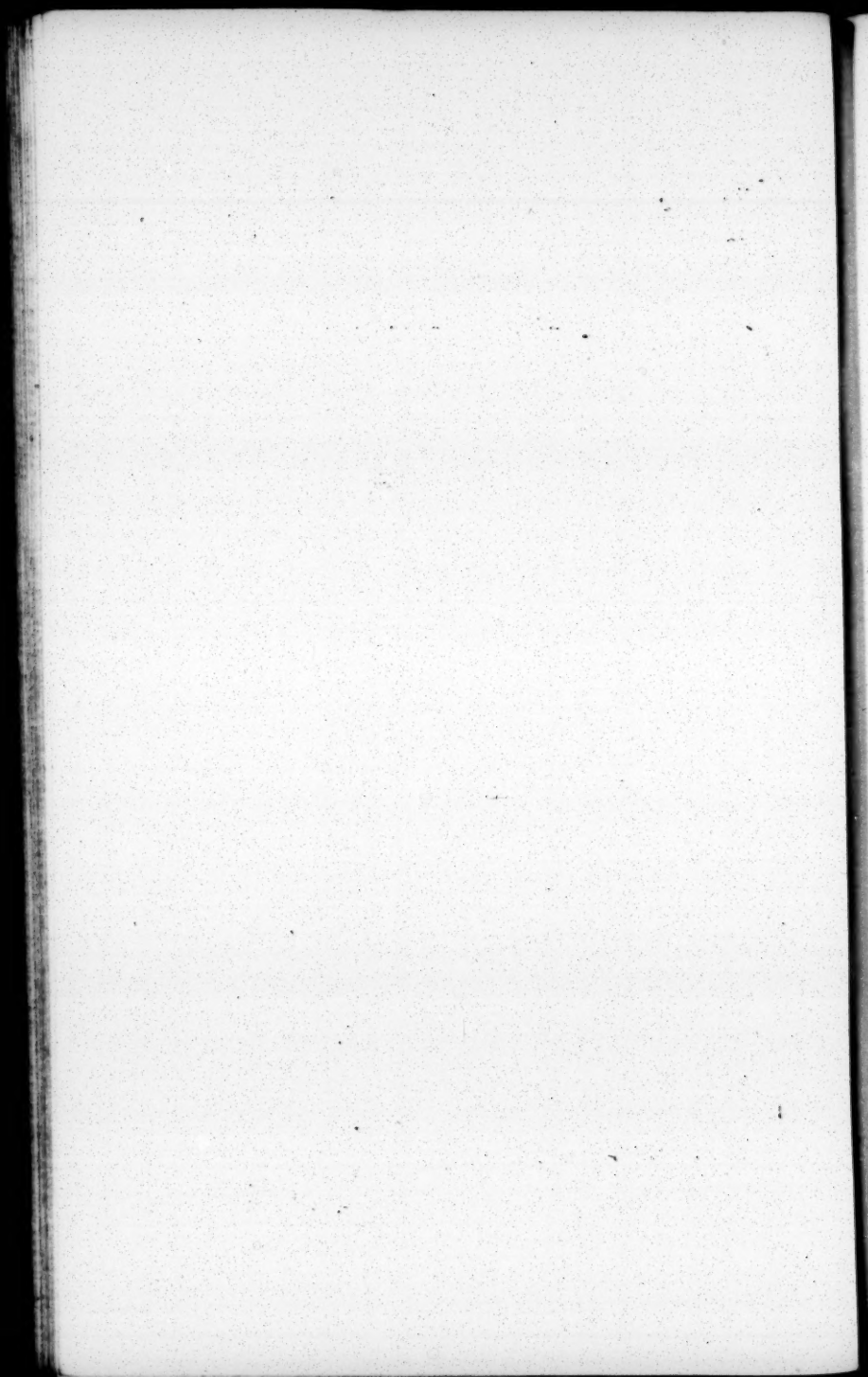
I, that so oft his spirit griev'd,
 So oft rebell'd against his word ;
 That scarce his faithful love believ'd,
 And dar'd so oft his vengeful sword !

Yet thus it is ; and here I am ;
 Oh ! the unutterable bliss !
 All hail ! thou once dear bleeding Lamb,
 THOU hast redeem'd my soul to this !

'Twas, while on earth, my highest joy,
 To see thy milder beauties mine ;
 To do thy will my sweet employ,
 And praise thy name in songs divine.

Yet

Yet *there*, but tasting of thy grace,
How faint the joy, the praise how poor!
Here, the full glories of thy face
I see with rapture, and adore !



P O E M S, &c.

PART II.

THE VILLAGE KNELL,

A PASTORAL ODE

Addressed to W. T. Jun.

O rerum flebilis vicissitudo !

JUST as the sun his beams had lost
Behind the western sea,
And light still lingering on the coast,
Upheld the failing day,

On the green margin of a brook,
That ran soft murmuring by,
Lonely my museful walk I took,
While all serene the sky.

Silent

Silent along the flowery dale,
 The grey-clad evening stole ;
 Breath'd gently round the balmy gale,
 Soft whispering to the soul.

There crosses the plow, the weary hind
 With labouring footsteps goes ;
 In hopes in his low cot to find,
 The sweets of soft repose.

There the kind shepherds guardian eye
 Beholds with calm delight,
 His fleecy care securely lie,
 Nor dreads th' approach of night.

All nature smil'd—though grave, yet gay
 I felt her soothing power ;
 Cast every painful care away,
 And hail'd the blissful hour !

But while my soul thus lull'd to rest,
 Drinks the sweet pleasure in,
 Far other thoughts invade my breast,
 And change the lovely scene.

The

The VILLAGE KNELL, with solemn toll,

The voice of mortal woe,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
From all its joys below.

The thoughts of death, and worlds unknown,
Now crowd upon my mind ;
All nature's beauties vanish soon,
Nor leave a trace behind.

There may some faithful youth now mourn

The virgin of his choice,
Just from his arms reluctant torn,
In sight of nuptial joys.

Or there, perhaps, the untimely dart,
Has pierc'd an only son,
And fill'd a tender mother's heart,
With griefs before unknown.

Or some poor widow bathes with tears,
Her sole supporter dead ;
While she in bitter anguish hears
Her orphans cry for bread.

Harder

Harder than stone that heart must be,
 Or lost in guilty ease,
 That can, though but in fancy, see
 Unmov'd, such scenes as these.

But where's the death'less spirit gone,
 That just has left its clay ?
 Through what vast realms to us unknown,
 Now urg'd its trackless way ?

If just and pure, while here below,
 Wash'd in the SAVIOUR'S blood,
 It lives where endless pleasures flow,
 And sees its father, GOD.

But if impenitent in sin,
 It took its awful flight,
 LORD ! what a dismal state 'tis in,
 Without one beam of light !

Think then, my FLORIO, how thy soul
 Hangs on a feeble thread ;
 And that perhaps, to-morrow's toll,
 Proclaims thee also dead,

In blifs or woe, no tongue can tell,
Must then be thy abode ;
The serious thought now ponder well,
And fear, and love thy God.

A BIRTH DAY ODE.

*Addressed to Miss E. L—s, on her Birth
Day, being the 10th Day of December,
1739.*

Written December 10th, 1746.

RISE, heaven born light propitious rise
To blefs this welcome day,
And let thy softest beams around,
My little darling play.

To day let winter's hoary king,
Resign his surly reign ;
Nor swell the angry floods, nor nip
The verdure of the plain.

K

Ye winds be still, or gently blow,
Or, like the vernal breeze,
Skim lightly o'er the wat'ry deep,
And whisper through the trees.

Lo ! the young *Liza*, smiling fair,
Sweet innocent, appears ;
Adorn'd with all the pleasing charms,
Of seven revolving years.

Soft coral lips, and blushing cheek,
Sense in her sparkling eyes ;
Her soul in richer beauties drest,
Shed from the upper skies.

May she for numerous years to come,
In growing lustre shine ;
Fairer her form, her soul more fair,
And blest with love divine.

Be the late evening of her days
With heavenly glory bright,
While on some gentle angel's wing,
She soars to worlds of light !

Like

Like as the sun when just retir'd
 Behind the western sea,
 Gilds o'er the clouds with lucid gold,
 And cheers expiring day,

THE RECOLLECTION.

*To Mr. W. T. and his Lady, on the Death
 of their first Child within a few Weeks
 after its Birth.*

Supposed to be spoken by themselves.

He is dead—Then DAVID arose and worshiped.
 2 SAMUEL, xii. 18.

WE hail'd the hour that to our arms,
 The little stranger gave;
 We mourn the hour that snatch him hence,
 To hide him in the grave.

Ah! cruel death to take so soon,
 So sweet a life away;
 And close those eyes in gloomy night,
 That scarce beheld the day.

K 2

But

But why this deep o'erwhelming grief,
 Those ever-weeping eyes!—
 The precious gift, though dead to us,
 Now lives above the skies.

To such the SAVIOUR gives to share,
 The kingdom of his grace ;
 And perfects from the suckling's tongue,
 The tribute of his praise.

Kind angels bore the lovely soul
 Safe to its blest abode ;
 And this dear shrine of lifeless clay,
 Sleeps in the arms of GOD.

GOD, who will raise the moulder'd flesh,
 And form it all anew,
 All glorious like the SAVIOUR'S own,
 And as immortal too.

Blest babe ! why should we wish thee here,
 To share our toil and woe ;
 'Tis *thou* that *liv'st*, and *we* that *die*,
 While mourning here below.

Then

Then let us dry our tearful eyes,
 And hail thy blisful rest,
 Adore the will of Providence
 As wisest, fittest, best!

AN EPITAPH

On the French King's Prime Minister,
 CARDINAL FLEURY.

Hic jacet qui floruit sine fructu,
 Et defloruit, sine fletu.

ENGLISHED, *Feb.* 28, 1742-3
 Fruitless he flourish'd, and now lies,
 A wither'd sight to tearless eyes.

THE RESIGNATION.

*To Mr. B. T. and his Lady, on the Death
of an Infant Son, February 6, 1763,
aged two Years.*

Supposed to be spoken by themselves.

Is it well with the child?—And she said, It is well.

2. KINGS iv. 26.

LIV'D to wake our tender passions,
And delightful hopes inspire;
Dy'd to try our faith and patience,
And direct our wishes higher.

Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumbers,
Till the resurrection morn;
Then arise, to join the numbers,
That its triumphs shall adorn.

Though

Though thy prefence fo endearing,
 We thy abſence now deplore,
 At the SAVIOUR's bright appearing,
 We ſhall meet to part no more.

Then, thy infant powers renew'd,
 Strong and pure as angels are,
 And thy tongue with ſpeech endu'd,
 Shall his glorious praiſe declare.

And e'en now thy lovely ſpirit,
 From its painful bondage free,
 Does the realms of bliſs inherit,
 And the face of JESUS ſee.

Calm be then each ruffling paſſion,
 Every tearful fount be dry ;
 Be our theme the great ſalvation,
 Be our wiſh to ſee it nigh.

Thus to thee, O LORD, ſubmitting,
 We the tender pledge reſign ;
 And thy mercies ne'er forgetting,
 Own that all we have is thine.

THE EPITAPH FOR THE FORE-GOING.

Happy infant, while carefssd,
 In thy mother's arms below ;
 Happier far, amongst the blefsd,
 Where immortal pleasures flow.

Though beneath this stone lies sleeping
 Thy young dust, by death confin'd,
 Safe 'tis in the SAVIOUR's keeping,
 For a better life design'd.

TO THE MEMORY OF TWO BROTHERS,

Children of Mr. B. T.

*The one dying in the second Year of his
 Age, and the other soon after, in his
 eighth Year.*

FIRST from the mother's fostering breast,
 Death tears the smiling babe away,
 Then e'er the throbbing heart could rest,
 Makes the sweet blooming youth his prey.

In

In awful silence this cold stone,
Lies here the mournful tale to tell ;
While faith, to check the plaintive moan,
Says, though 'tis painful, yet 'tis well.

THE ADMONITION.

To R. DOWSETT Esquire, in India.

—dum loquimur fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.
HOR. CAR. L. I. ode xi.

TIME, my young friend, flies ceaseless on,
E'en while we say, 'tis here, 'tis gone;—
The past we never can retrieve,
The future may or mayn't arrive.
Improve the moments as they pass ;
Run as they run, the Christian race ;
While heavenly objects court thy eyes,
Seize and hold fast th' immortal prize.

AN

AN EPITAPH.

To the Memory of Mrs. M. F.

Who died in the Prime of Life, leaving behind her an aged Father, a disconsolate Husband, and several young Children.

VAIN were the aged parent's sighs,
 The little offsprings tender cries ;
 The anxious husband's fervent prayer,
 That death th' important life might spare.
 She dies—just in the prime of life,
 The valued friend, the faithful wife,
 The daughter, mother, kindly prop
 Of fainting age, and infant hope.
 Think, reader, whilst thou drop'st a tear
 Why she is gone and thou art here !

THE

THE CONSOLATION.

*To Mr. and Mrs. R. on the Death of their
only Son and Daughter, in their Infancy.*

Supposed to be spoken by themselves.

BOTH liv'd—just to unseal the springs
From whence parental pleasures flow ;
Both dy'd—to shew what empty things,
The dearest comforts here below.

But not as childless let us grieve,
They're only now retir'd to rest ;
The morn is hastening that shall give
Both to our arms divinely blest.

E PITAPH FOR THE SAME.

THOUGH early from the plains below,
These blooming flowers were snatch'd away,
They now in Heav'nly Eden grow,
And their full beauties wide display.

THE

THE HAPPY MOURNERS ;

OR,

CHRISTIAN PARENTS MEDITATION,

While viewing the Corps of their deceased Infant.

Addressed to the Rev. Mr. [and Mrs.] Hinton, of Oxford.

Supposed to be spoken by themselves.

THRICE happy babe, by death's alarms,
Thus early call'd to take thy rest !
Call'd to exchange thy mother's arms,
For thy REDEEMER's softer breast.

We live—but still we live to die,
Oppress'd with grief, and sin, and pain ;
To reach thy bliss, we rather sigh,
Than here to bring thee back again.
Though

Though o'er thy corps, consign'd to dust,
 We drop the tender parting tear,
 Yet that, with cheerful heart we trust,
 To the ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR's care.

That SAVIOUR will most surely come,
 In all the glories of his power,
 And call the dead from every tomb,
 When thou shalt live to die no more:

NATURE RELIEVED BY FAITH,

To E. D. Esq. London.

Surely every man is vanity.

PSALM XXXIX. 2.

WHILST we behold, as in one common throng,
 Death crowds the grave with aged and with young,
 The rich and poor, the mournful and the gay,
 Princes and beggars all alike his prey,
 Nature alarm'd, reflects with solemn sigh,

“ And

" And does frail man then only live to die ?
 " Is this the end of all his toil and strife,
 " His anxious cares, and pleasing hopes in life ?
 " Must he thus only seek and pant for bliss,
 " And breathless sink at last so low as this ?
 " And is this all ?—man, well may then complain,
 " That all is vanity, himself most vain !*
 " Better he ne'er had liv'd."—
 " Not so," celestial faith, alarm'd, replies,
 And to the sacred book directs our eyes,
 Where, while we turn th' instructive pages o'er,
 And there the depths of love divine explore,
 She brings th' exalted SAVIOUR to our view,
 Glad his high dignity and worth to shew ;
 Declares the virtues of his precious blood,
 To reconcile the sinner to his God ;—
 Points to the glorious world above the skies,
 And thither bids our warm affections rise,
 Where all the good shall surely find their bliss,
 The more abundant for their woes in this.

To

* Si nihil post mortem sumus, quid potest esse tam super-
 euum, tam inane tam vanum, quam humana res est, quam mu-
 dus ipse.

LAGRAN, l. vi.

To that felicity, my friend, aspire,
And leave this world to them that look no higher;
Let them of vanity their choice complain,
Live thou to God ; thou shalt not live in vain,
But find in death itself thy richest gain.

A MEDITATION ON DEATH.

*Addressed to the Rev. Mr. I. Fanch, Minister of the
Gospel, at Romsey, Hants.*

Who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage.

HEBREWS ii. 15.

WHAT'S death, but the sure end of all our woe,
Our pains, and cares, and dangers here below ?
The certain lot of all who sojourn here,
Then why to die should wretched mortals fear ?
They're guilty--

'Tis

'Tis this that makes them dread the tyrant's frowns,
 And tremble at the thought of worlds unknown;
 For where against the doom by heaven design'd
 A safe retreat shall guilty mortals find?
 What power remove the foul-oppressing load,
 And bear them up before an holy God?
 How can polluted worms but dread to see
 A judge so righteous as our God must be?
 His very laws their condemnation seal,
 And give new strength to every pang they feel.

But must we, *Fanck*, with these sad prospects die,
 And is there none to help, no Saviour nigh?
 With the Supreme can justice dwell alone?
 Is there no mercy near his awful throne?
 There is—he bears the father's tender name,
 And does himself the plenteous grace proclaim;
 Amidst the daz'ling glories of his throne,
 Sits, in an human form, his ONLY SON,
 Who, in that form, did on a cross once bear
 The sin of man, and expiate it there;
 And there in pleasing awful light displays
 The rights of justice, and the power of grace.
 Rais'd from the dead he now for ever lives,
 And free forgiveness to the contrite gives.

Light

Light of the world ! from him one single ray,
 To darkest minds conveys eternal day ;
 The friend of sinners, whose great love imparts,
 Celestial ardour to the coldest hearts !
 The life of men—whose very word can give,
 Joy to the wretched, make the dying live !
 JESUS ! oh ! how transporting is that word !
 Dear to thy saints on earth, in heaven ador'd.
 PARENT of grace, from whom that SAVIOUR came..
 Our highest praise we offer to thy name.
 Blest SPIRIT who that SAVIOUR's love reveals,
 And into wounded hearts its balm distills ;
 While contrite o'er my numerous sins I grieve,
 Oh ! speak forgiveness LORD, and bid me live ;
 Then dreading worlds unknown, shall I no more,
 Affrighted view the inevitable shore,
 But all serene resign my latest breath,
 Secure of life, even in the arms of death.
 Thus when the monster hurls his fatal dart
 At thee, my *Fanck*, and wounds thy friendly heart,
 May'st thou undaunted meet th' appointed doom,
 And thy flesh gently drop into the tomb,

L

Sure

Sure of immortal life, when from his throne,
The SAVIOUR comes to claim it as his own.*

* And thus really died my dear brother and much valued friend the Rev. JAMES FANCH, the faithful pastor of a Christian church at *Romsey, Hants.* Though little known to the world, he was a person of great natural abilities, candour, and benevolence ; of sincere and unaffected piety, unshaken integrity, and unspotted purity of life ; and in a word, an exemplary ornament to the Christian profession. He was a respectable scholar, and amongst other literary accomplishments, possessed a great share of poetic genius and taste. The following lines he left to be put upon his tomb-stone, viz.

" Can any good from these dead ashes rise ?

" Yes,—if they teach the living to be wise."

While living he published a little treatise, entitled, "*Free Thoughts on Religion ; with an Appendix, containing a Short View of the Law and the Gospel,*" second edition, printed for Keith. There was also a volume of sermons begun to be printed in his life, and finished under the inspection of Dr. Gill, after his death, with several poetic performances in another volume.

A N
E P I T A P H

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mrs. S. EVANS,

Late Wife of the Rev. Caleb Evans, of Bristol.

WHEN this dear faint resign'd her breath,
Great was thy triumph, mighty death !
Yet 'tis but dust thou triumphs o'er ;
Her soul defies thy utmost power ;
And from all mortal bondage free,
Now lives and triumphs over thee.
Nor shalt thou long this dust detain,
JESUS shall bid it live again ;
When he shall burn this earth and sky,
And time and thou thy self shall die !

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH
A MOURNING RING.

TAUGHT, silent monitor, by thee,
 I learn what I must shortly be ;
 My flesh to lifeless clay return,
 Like the dear friend's for whom I mourn ;
 To worlds unseen by mortal eye,
 My disembodied spirit fly ;
 Rise to her GOD in realms of light,
 Or sink in shades of endless night.
 Alarming thought !—oh may my breast
 Feel it with vital power impress'd ;
 And there, wrought by the hand divine,
 My SAVIOUR's lovely image shine !

Then let my moments haste away,
 My flesh return to lifeless clay,
 My spirit fly to worlds unknown,
 Beyond where suns or stars e'er shone ;
 Where

Where she will find still brighter skies,
 Until my flesh in triumph rise,
 Both dwell in that divine abode
 Where ever dwells my saviour God ;
 Where his all glorious throne beside,
 Sweet pleasure rolls her ceaseless tide ;
 Where through the round of endless years
 Not the least shade of grief appears.
 These are the hopes that faith inspires,
 This is the bliss my soul desires.

THE MOURNFUL PLEDGE.

*Addressed to E. D. Esq. in return for a Mourning
 Ring, in Memory of his only Daughter, Miss A. D.
 who died in the 19th Year of her Age, 1768.*

Supposed to be spoken by the Wearer looking upon
 the Ring on his Finger.

LITTLE pledge of friendship dear !
 While I fondly wear thee here,
 View thee often o'er and o'er,
 I in silent grief deplore

The young life, cut off so soon,
 E'er it reach'd its perfect moon ;
 And as at her name I sigh,
 Bring her pleasing image nigh, }
 Fix'd in musing fancy's eye. }
 Like thee, polish'd and refin'd,
 Was her gentle virtuous mind,
 Spreading o'er her pleasing face,
 Softest smiles, and sweetest grace ;
 But more polish'd now by far,
 By the SAVIOUR's gracious care,
 Now she shines in upper skies,
 There delights immortal eyes.

Happy spirit ! I no more,
 Would thy early fate deplore.
 In this golden pledge I see
 The emblem of eternity,
 Where in endless circles flow
 The high joys which angels know ,
 Where thou hast thy bright abode,
 Happy spirit, with thy God !

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A N

E P I T A P H

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mrs. ELIZA MOODY,

Wife of Samuel Moody, Esq. London,

*Who died at Bristol Wells, and lies interred in the
Cathedral Church there.*

HERE mould'ring lies the form, that once enshrin'd
A soul, where sense and every grace combin'd ;
To wedded love gave friendship's highest zest,
Endear'd the wife, and made the husband blest.
But not *her worth*, nor all *his prayers* could save,
The patient victim from the insatiate grave ;
Too good for earth, heaven claim'd the lovely prize,
And e'en at *Bristol's* healing fount she dies.
Hence widow'd grief devotes this humble stone
To make *her virtues* and *his sorrows* known ;
How dear the memory of her worth to tell,
And others teach to live, and die, as well.
Reader, if thine the sympathetic tear,
Oh ! stay and drop the tender tribute here.

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A N
E P I T A P H
TO THE MEMORY OF
FREDERIC BULL Esq.

*Lord Mayor of London, in the Year 1774, and one of the
Representatives of that City.*

WHEN faithful patriots mingle with the dead,
And raging faction rears her snakey head,
See pale *Britannia* weeping o'er the tomb,
Dismay'd, and dreading her impending doom.
Such patriot BULL, whose mould'ring dust lies here,
Who watch'd her safety with a zeal sincere.
Friend to the poor, to all mankind a friend,
Ever prepar'd the succouring hand to lend,
The city's highest office called to bear,
The splendour of his virtues mark'd him there.
Of senatorial dignity possess'd,
His country's love inspir'd his generous breast;
His spotless hands no golden bribe e'er stain'd,
Unaw'd by power, nor e'er by flattery gain'd;
He ne'er betray'd the people's sacred trust,
Hence lov'd while living, and rever'd in dust.

Or thus,

TO THE MEMORY OF
FREDERIC BULL, Esq.

Who

For pure and disinterested Love of his Country
Had no superior ;

For integrity in business,
And benevolence to the distressed,
Few equals.

The chief magistracy of the capital,
And its subordinate offices,
He filled with the highest honour.

As a senator,
He was incorruptible.

The faithful guardian of the
SACRED RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE,
AND JUST PREROGATIVES OF THE CROWN ;

And, as
Comprehending all that is good and great,
He was

A SINCERE CHRISTIAN.

PASSAGES

P A S S A G E S
FROM THE
ANTIENT POETS,
IN PRAISE OF A
R U R A L L I F E.

STET quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culminæ lubrico ;
Me dulcis faturet quies.
Obscuro positus loco,
Leni perfruar otio ;
Nullis nota Quiritibus,
Ætas per tacitum fluat,
Sic cum transferint mei,
Nulla cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.

Senec. *Thyest.* ver. 390.

TRANSLATION.

Who will, led by ambition's hand,
On grandeur's slippery heights may stand ;

Place

Place me in some obscure retreat,
 Far from the noisy and the great ;
 Where balmy peace extends her reign,
 O'er the still pleasures of the swain ;
 An humble cot, my quiet home,
 Unnotic'd by the cits at Rome ;
 Where, like the riv'let's gentle tide,
 My years might onward softly glide,
 'Till at the last, gone silent by,
 I might an old Plebeian die !

O quid solutis est beatius curis !
 Cum mens reponit, ac peregrino,
 Labore fessi, venimus larem ad nostrum,
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

TRANSLATION.

Oh ! what more happy than to be,
 From anxious cares and sorrows free !
 When long fatigu'd, the labouring mind,
 Leaves all its burdens far behind ;

Or

Or when from foreign toils we come,
T'enjoy our long desired home.

Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestos,
Panaque sylvanumque senem, nymphaeque sorores!
Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres.

Virg. Georg. ii. ver. 493.

TRANSLATION.

Blest man, who knows the powers of rural bliss,
The shades and streams where peace and plenty dwell;
Him, vulgar honours, nor the pomp of kings,
Nor raging faction's treacherous arts can move.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint
Agricolæ ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis
Fundit humo facilem virtum iussissime tellus.—
At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita
Dives opum variarum——

Virg. Georg. ii. ver. 448.

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATION.

Thrice happy swain, did he but know how good
His lot, afar from discord's hostile arms ;
The faithful earth, from her rich soil, almost
Spontaneous, yields all necessary stores :
Unskill'd in guileful arts, he leads secure
His quiet life, possess'd of various wealth
Nor seeks in vain self-slumbers in the shade.

A N
ELEGIAC POEM,

*Occasioned by the Death of the Rev. J. Wilson, of London,
October 6, 1750, Ætas 48.*

I N S C R I B E D

To the Rev. J. FANCH, of Romsey, Hants.

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori,

Cælo musa beat

HOR. CAR. l. iv. od. 8.

Great worth the muse would fain consign

To deathless fame in song divine.

A WHILE, my FANCH, with patient ear attend;
I sing thy favorite preacher and thy friend;
Whom nor his virtues, nor thy prayers could save,
From the sad fate of an untimely grave.
Inscrib'd to thee, the weak unpolish'd lay,
Friendship will not reject, tho' critics may.

The

The muse, long struggling with the woes of life,
 Sunk down oppress'd with the unequal strife,
 Cold grief her bosom chill'd—supine she lay,
 On the fair bank of Isis' winding way ;
 Resolv'd to attempt harmonious strains no more,
 To hail the living friend, or dead deplore,
 Till sudden rous'd by the loud trump of fame,
 Swell'd with the sound of death and *Wilson's* name,
 She feels her breast with real ardour burn,
 And pants again in tuneful strains to mourn,
 While Isis rolls her silver waves along,
 In pensive murmurs and invites the song.
 The muse attempts while briny sorrow flows,
 Expressive of her own and Sion's woes.

Wilson, alas ! no more shall glad our eyes,
 Stopp'd in mid-life, and hasten'd to the skies ;
 No more from him, the instructive word we hear,
 Our doubtful feet to guide, our fainting hearts to
 cheer.

Commission'd by the high eternal God,
 A raging fever fires the prophet's blood :

In

In vain the sages of the healing art,
 Their utmost skill and choicest drugs impart,
 The tyrant o'er the purple ocean reigns,
 And rides triumphant thro' the parching veins ;
 A thousand saints, with all the strength of prayer,
 Urge heaven in vain the important life to spare.
Wilson must die, the appointed hour is come,
 He dies,—and angels bear his spirit home,
 In shining triumph, while in sore dismay,
 His friends stand speechless round his breathless clay,
 Lament to see it wrapt in death's cold shade,
 Sink into dust and mingle with the dead.
 The stroke how awful !—*SION*, thou can'st tell,
 For thy young *Sons* e'en trembled when he fell ;
 Thy *Daughters* all dismay'd the tidings heard,
 And solemn woe in every face appear'd ;
 Such as of old when near *Euphrates'* stream,
 Thy desolation was the mournful theme ;
 And they averse to every pleasant song,
 Their harps neglected on the willows hung.
 Just grief, for *Wilson*, for thy welfare born,
 With early virtue did thy courts adorn ;

In

In GOD's right hand, a star divinely bright,
 He shone, diffusing round celestial light,
 With growing lustre, 'till the fatal hour,
 When sunk in death, he shone on earth no more.
 He liv'd for thee—his youthful heart inspir'd
 With love of thee, and with thy glory fir'd,
 He thy Redeemer preach'd : the lamb once slain,
 The wisdom, righteousness, and life of men.
 Heaven gave persuasive language to his tongue;
 Crowds on the powerful accents listening hung;
 Hung captiv'd, as along with him they trace,
 The pleasing wonders of redeeming grace ;
 And while he leads them where the cross once stood,
 Tells of the SAVIOUR's agonies and blood,
 They seem to hear the last expiring groan,
 That made our peace, and shook th' infernal throne.

When from his lips the law's dread threat'nings
 pour,
 E'en *Sinai's* thunders seem again to roar;
 The guilty wretch lifts his affrighted eyes,
 And sues for pardon to the pitying skies.

M

O

Of pardoning grace then speaks the holy seer,
 Celestial music fills the ravish'd ear,
 Celestial peace her balmy blessing gives,
 The dying sinner feels the grace and lives.

Anon he bears them on his rapid wings ;
 They gain the skies and learn immortal things;
 See there the *wonderous man*, all full of God,
 Chief of the glories of the blest abode.
 Charm'd with the beams of light that round him play,
 And give to worlds immense eternal day,
 That here on earth with gentler lustre shine,
 And cheer man's gloomy heart with joy divine.

Thus his the skill to astonish and to please,
 The stubborn heart to wound, the aching ease;
 While with rich grace the hungry soul he feeds,
 As shepherds their lov'd flocks in fruitful meads.
 Nor thus in doctrine only did excel,
 He knew to plead with gracious heaven as well ;
 And often prostrate at the eternal throne
 In mighty prayers brought many a blessing down.

Hence

Hence numerous converts round thy alters throng,
And shout salvation in the thankful song ;
Hence did thy holy children often taste
The sweets of love divine—divine repast !

But SION, now thou hear'st that voice no more,
Death seals his lips with stern resistless power ;
No more thy flocks the darling shepherd leads,
To crystal fountains, and to flowery meads ;
No more thou see'st the arduous seraph fly,
To fetch thee shining blessings from the sky ;
The man to thee, in so much mercy given,
Mercy displeas'd, has snatch'd away to heaven.

Now plaintive grief rolls her sad accents round
Thy once glad courts, thy walls return the sound ;
In doleful echos that afflict thine ear,
Pierce deep thy heart, and urge the briny tear.

But while thou dost in all this anguish mourn,
And weeping thus bedew thy prophet's urn,
O think, O think, what provocation given,
Could thus draw down the ling'ring wrath of heaven,

Could thus eclipse so fair a sun so soon,
 Amidst the splendours of so bright a noon !
 Thy sins bewail in every falling tear,
 Thy pardon seek, in penitential prayer.
 JESUS yet lives, great advocate with GOD,
 And pleads the virtues of his precious blood ;
 Justice, through him, will hear thy humble cry,
 Sheath the dread sword, and lay the thunder by ;
 Thy GOD again on thee his spirit pour,
 And thus untimely smite thy guides no more.

But, FANCH, 'tis thine who know'ft to sing so
 well,
 Of *Wilson's* worth and *SION's* grief to tell ;
 Thy muse is equal to th' important theme,
 Could with thine *own*, immortalize *his* name.
 Mean time my muse, in these her humble lays,
 This little tribute to his memory pays.

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AN
ELEG IAC MEDITATION
ON THE
D E A T H
OF

MY MUCH VALUED FRIEND,
Mr. JOHN FLIGHT,
OF LONDON,
October 12, 1769, in the 35th Year of his Age.

Quis desiderio, sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem, cum Cithera, dedit. Hor.

While I lament a friend so dear,
Why should I check the falling tear?
Why blush my sorrows to prolong?
Sweet mournful muse begin the song.

COME soothing melancholy, come,
And make my breast thy lasting home;
Not thou the parent of sad care,
Of discontent and black despair,

M 3

But

But daughter thou, of tender woe,
 Such as the dearest friendships know ;
 Who lov'st the silent lonely shade,
 For mournful contemplation made ;
 Come—with thee bring the pensive sigh,
 Deep musing grief, and tearful eye :
 And let us talk of dying groans,
 Coffins, and graves, and mould'ring bones :
 Of spirits gone to worlds unseen,
 Where oft my wandering thoughts have been,
 Come wrapt in thy deep sable shade,
 And lend the plaintive muse thy aid ;

Flight dead !—Oh! the heart-piercing sound !
 Here, here, I feel the painful wound,
 Which thou, and time, and grace must heal,
 Or I must ever, ever feel.

Like the fair flower just newly blown,
 Blasted amidst a shining noon,
 That droops, and fades, and dies away,
 He fell to death an early prey ;

Son,

Son, husband, brother, friend, is gone,
All these dear tender names in one.

Many the pains, though days so few,
His struggling soul with sorrow knew ;
Yet humbly still he bore the rod,
And blest and lov'd the chastening GOD.
And, when he trod death's gloomy vale,
Where all created comforts fail,
JESUS appears, dispels the gloom,
And points him to his blissful home ;
Inspires his soul with heavenly hope,
And bears his sinking spirit up.
Joyful he sees, with dying eyes,
Kingdoms and thrones above the skies ;
Exulting spurns this world away,
As the mere trifle of a day ;
Pants for his GOD, with strong desires,
And full of joyful hope expires !
Oh ! that I had but then been by,
And seen him thus in triumph die !
Had heard him with his dying voice,
In the great SAVIOUR's love rejoice !

M₄

Had

Had heard the last, the kind adieu,
 He left my mourning heart with you !
 Vain wish ! alas ! the moment's o'er,
 I see, I hear him now no more ;
 No more, 'till death, kind friend, shall come,
 And call my weary spirit home.

With mournful pleasure I recal
 The hours (oh ! how delightful all)
 When health and gladness smiling round,
 Our social converse richly crown'd ;
 And when retir'd from noise and care,
 We did the sweets of friendship share ;
 Count o'er the blessings grace had given,
 And lift each others heart to heav'n.
 But ah ! these happy hours are fled,
 'There's no such converse with the dead !
 'They're all unheard, and all unseen,
 A dark and awful veil between
 Our world and theirs ; yet faith's strong eye,
 Through all the darkness can descry
 The beamings of that bright abode,
 Where perfect spirits dwell with God !
 Who,

Who, though they hither come no more
 For social converse, as before,
 May yet our joys and sorrows know,
 Perhaps as guardian angels do ;
 May, unperceiv'd, their light impart,
 To guide and cheer the favourite heart ;
 Oft, though unseen our steps attend,
 And from a thousand snares defend :—
 Or should this all an airy dream,
 The child offportive fancy, seem,
 Yet we on contemplation's wing,
 May reach where they adore and sing :
 With them may o'er the shining plains,
 Where boundless pleasure ever reigns,
 From blifs to blifs delightful rove,
 And taste in all the SAVIOUR's love.
 And thus I now behold thee there,
 Friend of my heart !—thy raptures share,
 Whilst near thy God, I see thee shine,
 And hope such glory will be mine.

But ah ! how soon I lose the sight,
 And sink again in shades of night !

Thy

Thy absence mourn with heart-felt pain,
 And almost wish thee back again !
 'Till, tir'd with grief, I strive to rise,
 And reach again thy brighter skies ;
 Faith lends her wing, and aids my flight ;
 Again I see thee wrapt in light ;
 See thee adoring near the throne,
 With ardour here on earth unknown ;
 While freed from flesh and pain, and sin,
 Thou drink'st immortal pleasure in ;
 Then all my hope, my wish, my prayer,
 Is—may I soon be with thee there !

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O N

Dr. WATTS's

DANGEROUS ILLNESS, 1739.

SHOULD heaven refuse to hear our prayer,

A life so precious yet to spare,

DEATH—lay thy dreadful armour by,

Thy horrors all when WATTS must die ;

And in thy peaceful form appear,

Gentle and bright as angels are.

With smiles celestial on thy brow,

O softly strike the fatal blow !

But heaven, we trust, will hear our prayer,

Yet long th' important life to spare.

FOR UNDER THE BEST PRINT OF Dr. WATTS.

YES, 'tis the semblance of that face,

Stern death has now to earth consign'd ;

Oh ! that I in my heart could trace,

The likeness of his living mind !

AN

AN
ELEGIAC ODE
TO THE
MEMORY

OF

MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,
THE
Rev. JOSEPH STENNETT, D. D.
WHO DIED FEB. 7, 1758. ÆTAT. 66.

Shew my own Love, though not increase his Fame.

PARNELL.

GO, muse, and seek some dark sequester'd cell,
Where none but grief and melancholy dwell,
Hard by some deeply-shaded silent stream,
There sit, and ponder o'er the mournful theme,
Thy *Stennett's* death—The man whose early youth,
Smit with the love of virtue, and of truth*,

Fair

* Mr. *Stennett* was, in early life, a considerable proficient in classical literature, under the care of two of the most eminent masters of that day, viz, Mr. *Ainsworth*, the author of the excellent Latin Dictionary bearing his name, and Dr. *Ward*, Professor of Rhetoric in *Gresham* College.

Fair science honour'd with her friendly aid,
 Polish'd his genius, and to wisdom led ;
 While nobler blessings heavenly grace bestows,
 And love divine in his young bosom glows*.
 He feels the enlivening power of JESUS' name,
 And longs its gracious wonders to proclaim!
 To speak the atoning virtue of his blood,
 And call the wandering sinner back to GOD.
 Early the high commission he receives,
 And signal proofs of shining talents gives,
 Fervent in prayer, he breathes the strong desire,
 Each pious bosom feels the heavenly fire ;
 And all uniting at the gracious throne,
 The Almighty hears, and sends his blessings down.
 And while he pours upon the listening ear,
 The sacred word, the conscious guilty fear ;
 Celestial light breaks in on darken'd minds,
 The wounded heart the balmy comfort finds ;
 For injur'd truth he zealously contends,
 And the blest SAVIOUR'S honour will defend ;
 While numbers by his soft persuasion won,
 Pay their just homage to the filial throne,
Sion well pleas'd beholds the welcome sight
 Smiles on her son, and hails his growing light.

On

*Mr. Stennett made a public profession of religion at fifteen,

Our *Stennett's* soul was form'd by heaven to prove
 The sweets of social and domestic love ;—
 Blest with a comfort, good, as well as fair,
 Blest with an offspring, that his virtues share ;
 Blest with the joys that pious friendship gives ;
 Blest with an heart the wretched to relieve ;
 The husband, father, citizen, and friend,
 To form his character their graces blend.

While much below'd, by those of humbler state,
 He liv'd admir'd and honour'd by the great* :
 His fame encreasing with encreasing years
 And was when dead lamented with their tears.
 ONSLOW, long us'd in senates to preside,
 And high debate with purest justice guide ;
 Debate on which *Britannia's* wealth depends,
 Her foes destruction, safety to her friends ;

ONSLOW,

* The Right Honourable ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, treated Dr. *Stennett* with particular esteem and friendship. His Grace the DUKE of NEWCASTLE, and his ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CUMBERLAND also honoured him with their distinguishing regards.

ONSLOW, whose ear so oft attentive hung,
 On *Pitt's*, on *Lyttleton's*, on *Pelham's*, tongue,
 When pleading in fair freedom's glorious cause,
 They taught our counsels and inspir'd our laws ;
 Who knew himself, the glorious cause to plead,
 Rouse the old patriot, and the younger lead ;
 ONSLOW, retir'd from public toil and care,
 Would oft the friendly hour with *Stennett* share,
 Hear him when pleading for the poor oppress'd,
 And feel soft pity move his generous breast.

Of nobler birth, and great exalted soul,
 Form'd the dread power of tyrants to controul,
 NEWCASTLE—favourite of the BEST OF KINGS,
 Amid the arduous cares such greatness brings,
 With *Stennett* deign'd the social hour to spend,
 And lose the distant statesman in the friend,
 While GEORGE's glory and his people's joy,
 Their pleasing thoughts and loyal tongues employ;
 For, though in spheres so different far, they move,
 Both feel and centre in their country's love.

WILLIAM, of royal blood, whose mighty name,
 Still shines distinguish'd in the rolls of fame ;

Who

Who sav'd BRITANNIA from the impending woe,
 When fierce rebellion rous'd the northern foe ;
 On foreign shores her battles bravely fought,
 And gain'd her honours she has long forgot.
 To this great prince, was *Stennett's* name well known,
 And the just zeal his loyal heart had shown
 For BRITISH LIBERTY and GEORGE's throne.
 The hero's mind the power of virtue feels,
 And marks the worth that modesty conceals ;
 Marks *Stennett's* worth—commands the trump of fame
 On *Caledonia's* plains to sound his name,
 Summons the muses in their antient shade,
 Where blest *Andreas** rests his reverend head ;
 From whence fair science spreads her glories wide.
 Where the lov'd hero did himself preside ;
 Bids them a sacred laureat wreath prepare,
 Such as a *Stennett* might vouchsafe to wear ;

* In the year 1754 the university of *St. Andrews*, the largest and most antient in Scotland, at the instance of his ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CUMBERLAND, their chancellor, created Mr. *Stennett* doctor in divinity by diploma, which was most obligingly presented to him by his highness's secretary. This city takes its name from *St. Andrew* the apostle, whose bones, tradition says, were brought from *Patras*, a town in Morea in Greece, and interred here A. D. 368, by a Grecian Monk.

The

The high behest the gentle sisters know,
And with their honours grace the prophet's brow.

But, not his virtues, nor the great, nor brave,
Could from the power of death the prophet save;
With furious hand, the tyrant seiz'd his prey,
Tearing with lingering torture* life away.
The saint with soul serene the shock sustains,
And meekly bears the agonizing pains:
Deliverance seeks, but with submissive will,
Best pleased the almighty purpose to fulfill;
And, in the humble confidence of prayer,
Lays hold on CHRIST, and rests his comforts there:
Patient, yet longing for his kindred skies,
At length death strikes the blow, and Stennett dies.

His comfort deeply feels the awful stroke
Which thus the dear connubial bondage broke;
Feels and bewails with solitary moan,
The best of friends, the best of husbands gone;
Torn from the heart he once was sent to bless,
Her joy in ease, her solace in distress.

N

His

* The Doctor died of a mortification in his foot, the pain of which he bore for several months, with the most exemplary patience and resignation.

His pious offspring that around him wait,
 Now find their long expected grief complete.
 A father dead !—Ah ! sad heart rending sound,
 And such a father !—Oh ! how deep the wound !
 Into their breasts a thousand sorrows pour,
 Sorrows, alas ! they never knew before;
 A thousand tender things their minds recall,
 How kind, how just, how good to them, to all.
 But while his shining virtues they rehearse,
 With deeper wounds their bleeding hearts they pierce ;
 Each bosom heaves the melancholy sigh,
 And pensive sadness swims in every eye—
 Now they sit musing, fix'd in silent grief,
 Now seek in groans and tears a poor relief.
 And here URANIA——but, alas !
 Sorrows like these the power of verse surpass ;
 The afflicted muse in vain attempts to tell,
 What friendship's tender breast can only feel.

O friendship ! next to grace best gift below,
 Wast thou not sent to soften human woe ?
 Lessen our sorrows, and increase our bliss ?
 Then say from whence such mighty grief as this,
 That now fills all my inmost heart with pain,
 Which reason tries to soothe, but tries in vain ?
 Or, if thou canst not say, ah ! tell me where,
 Some gentle friend to find, my pain to share ;

Or

Or lead to him, whose gracious hand removes,
The heaviest burthens from the soul he loves.

But see they bear him to the dreary tomb,
The lights gleam awful, through the evening gloom ;
Pale grief her deepest sable robe assumes ;
Slow moves the hearse, distressful nod the plumes ;
Behind in train the friendly mourners go,
In all the sad solemnity of woe :
Through thick'ning crowds, they make their painful way,
And to the dust commit the breathless clay ;
The pious friend, the last sad rite performs,
And leaves the flesh to darkness, earth, and worms ;
The parting tears burst from their sorrowing eyes,
While faith points upward to the eternal skies.

O THOU, who sittest above all height thy throne,
Whose will in heaven, and earth, and hell, is done !
This is thy hand—we see, and would adore !
Applaud thy wisdom, and revere thy power ;
Own, while we view this melancholy grave,
Thy *justice* took but what thy *mercy* gave ;
That though we hear no more the swasive tongue,
It was our happiness we heard so long.

Thus while we mourn the dear departed friend,
Our souls submissive at thy footstool bend ;

Faith sees his spirit, now a cherub bright,
 Sit near the throne enwrap't in blissful light,
 And smiles rejoicing at the glorious fight. }

Yet *Sion* weeps ; but gracious father see !
 Her tearful eyes are lifted up to thee,
 To thee her God, e'en in thy anger kind,
 Inwhom the wretched surest comfort find ;
 Let it suffice her favourite to remove,
 Withdraw not too, thine own paternal love !
 But of thy prophet's gracious gift impart,
 A double portion to the filial heart* !
 Long may he live, the chosen flock to feed,
 With purest knowledge, and with safety lead !
 And when adoring in the courts divine,
 Around thy servants let thy glory shine !
 There heaven-born *peace* her balmy presence give ,
 There god-like *charity* for ever live !
 While holy angels guard with watchful eyes,
 The tomb where *Stennett's* flesh now slumbering lies, }
 Till Jesus bids it all immortal rise !

EPITAPHIUM

* The Doctor's son, Mr. *Samuel* (now Doctor) *Stennett*, succeeded his honoured father as pastor of the Christian church, now meeting in Little Wild-street, London.

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EPITAPHIUM

ISAACI WATTS, S. T. P.

M. S.

QUEM tot linguis, tam jussè celebrat fama,
Hâc inscriptione sepulchrali

Commemoratur,

Vir admodum reverendus

ISAACUS WATTS, S. T. P.

Cui corpus fragile et languidum,

Mens tamen cognata cœlo,

Vigore plena, sagax, atque ad omnia

Præstantissima parata ;

Literis tam humanis, quam sacris,

Et quod suprà, pietate vera

Ornata.

Vixit,

Integræ benevolentia, modestiæ eximiæ,

Et omniginæ virtutis,

Præclarum exemplar ;

Deoque

Deoque multum, hominibusque dilectus.

Præco

Verbi divini mirâ orationis

Vi et suavita præditus ;

Veritatis amator sincerus,

Et pacificus cultor.

Per plurimos annos,

Cætûs Christum colentium,

Apud LONDINUM,

Fidelis vigilansque præses,

Vatis insignis,

Qui nobis (numine afflatus vero)

Jessiadæ odas hebracias,

Sermone patrio,

Feliciterque ad modum cultûs evangelici

Aptas præbuit ;

Multaque præterea

Carmine sublimi, exulto, et numerofo,

Alia amicitiae et virtuti dicata,

DOMINI JESU nomini gratiaëque, alia,

Delicias piorum omnia, edidit.

Ediditque etiam

Tractatus plures, numeris solutos,

De

De rebus sacris, artibusque ingeniis ;
 In quibus omnibus
 Ingenii ejus vis magna, judicii solertia,
 Et cordis benignitas
 Illustrissimè enitent.
 Tandem, senectute, morbis, tædiisque
 Vitæ perutilis, attritus
 Decreto divino concessit,
 Die Nov. 25°. A. D. 1748°. Ætat. 75°.

Fletu multo omnium deploratus,
 Sapientium bonorumque maximè.
 Sed licet, obruit
 Domicilium terrestræ ruina tam deslenda,
 MENS tamen incola,
 Invisita letho, vinculisque mortalibus exuta,
 Poli paterni limina attigit ;
 Vitamque degens divinè beatam ;
 Atque ardens tempus mirabile
 Olim prædictum expectans,
 Cum ministri supremi tuba
 Orbum attonitum concutiet,
 Et ossa, nunc tumulo condita,
 Ad vitam sempiternam vocabit.

Quando

Quando,
Quam bonus, magnusque, dignusque,
Hic fuit laudis,
(Quod data est nec musæ, nec famæ copia fandi)
Tu plenè cognosces lector,
Totusque mirabitur
Mundus !

IN ENGLISH.

AN
E P I T A P H

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

THIS monumental inscription
Commemorates
The very Reverend
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
The man so justly celebrated
By universal fame.
He had a weak and languid body,
But a soul a-kin to heaven;
Vigorous, sagacious,
And prepar'd for every thing excellent;
Adorn'd with universal literature,
And, what is still more,
With real piety.

He

He lived, an illustrious example
Of pure benevolence,
Extraordinary humility,
And every kind of virtue,
Greatly beloved both of GOD and MAN.

A Preacher
Of admirably sweet and powerful elocution ;
A sincere lover,
And pacific promoter
Of truth.

For many years,
A faithful and vigilant pastor
Of a Christian society
In LONDON.

The excellent poet,
Who, inspir'd by a muse truly divine,
Gave us the Psalms of DAVID
In English Verse,
Happily adapted to the Christian state and worship;
And published besides, many pieces
In sublime, polite, and harmonious
Numbers ;

Some

Some, sacred to virtue and friendship ;
 And others to the name and grace
 Of the LORD JESUS ;

All of them the delight of the pious.

He published also

Several tracts in prose,
 On divine subjects, and the liberal arts ;
 In all which,

The great strength of his genius,
 The acuteness of his judgment,
 And the goodness of his heart,
 Are illustriously displayed.

At length,

Worn out with age, sickness, and the toils
 Of a very useful life,

He died

Nov. 25, 1748. in the 75th year
 Of his age ;

Much lamented by all,
 Especially by the wife and the good.

But, though
 A ruin so deplorable has crushed
 His tenement of clay,

The

The indwelling MIND,
 Unsubdued by death, and freed
 From mortal chains,
 Has reach'd her kindred skies,
 And lives divinely blest ;
 Yet waits,
 With strong desire, the wonderous day,
 Of old predicted,
 When the archangel's trump
 Shall shake the astonish'd globe,
 And call the dust now
 Treasur'd in the tomb,
 To life immortal !
 When how good, and great,
 And worthy of praise he was,
 (Which nor the muse, nor fame can tell,)
 Reader,
 Thou shalt know, and all the
 World admire !

T H E E N D.

